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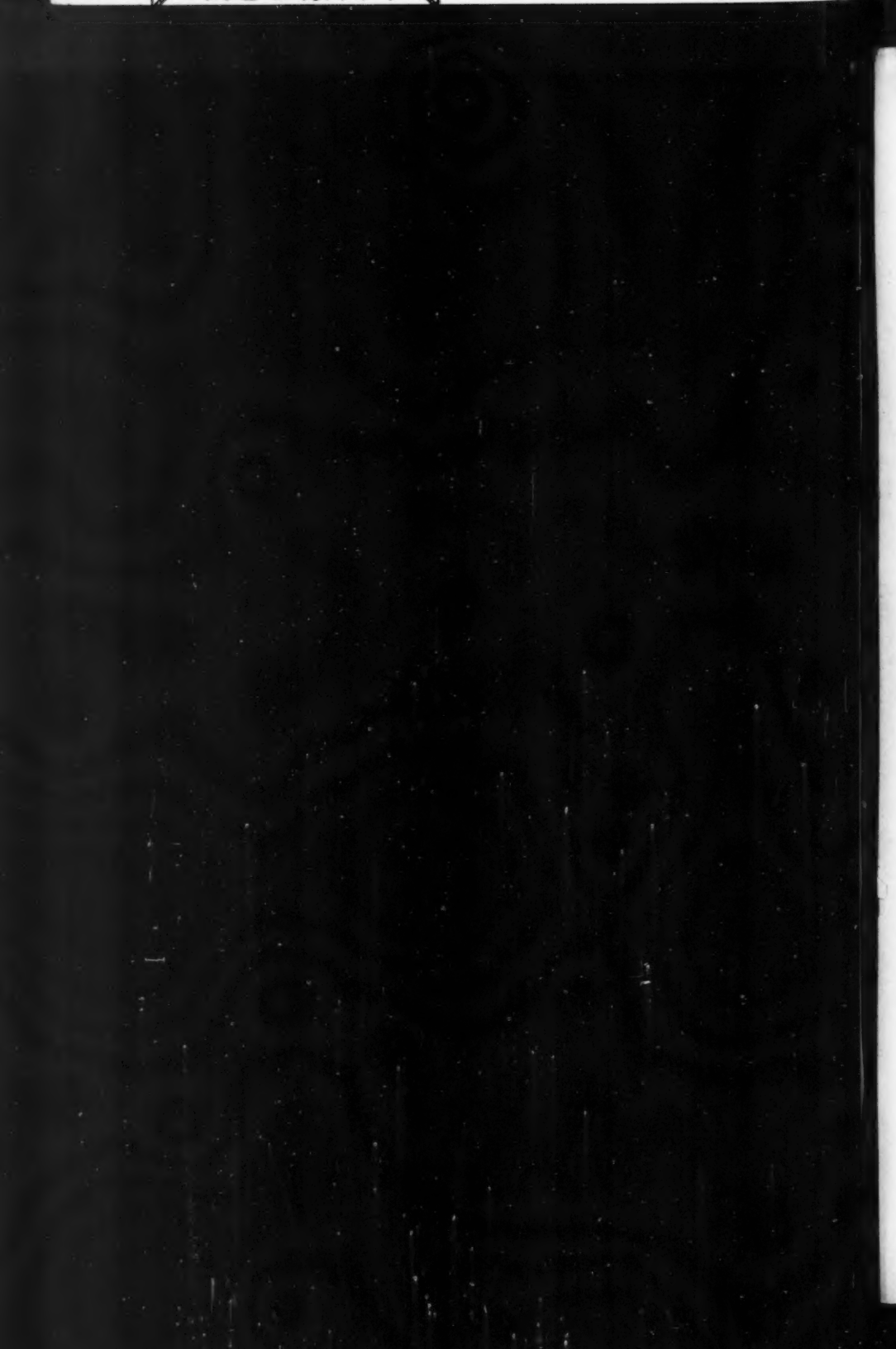


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SAINT MARY'S LAKE — YARROW.

Peace on the Lake, and peace within my heart:

Each time I see thee gives a firmer hold
To that sweet influence that made thee part

Of my young life; for now, when I am old,

The impress deepens with the gathering years,

Like some rich song, once heard, the soul forever hears.

Did ever Love's eternal pathos fill

With fiercer fervor legends like to thine?

And now, what silence reigns!—on every hill

No sound but bleating sheep or lowing kine;

Or haply, when the summer noons afford,
The quiet air resounds with praises to the Lord.¹

Music is holy—the holiest is the best;

And thou hast been to me a quiet song,

A fount of melody within the breast

That would not mix its sacred source with wrong.

Ah, men forget the infinite debt they owe
To those undying mother-lights of long ago!

The flowers beside thy banks can I forget?—

The red-veined vetch, the tender-stemmed bluebell,

The fringed bog-bean, the purple violet,

The trailing stag-moss, golden asphodel?—

Those untamed races of the virgin sod,
That deck, untouched of man, the garden ground of God.

Nature becomes to him who loves her well

No casual splendor, stars and flashing seas,

But life's companion, come with him to dwell,

To soothe his sorrows, share his hours of ease:

A jealous lover she, that holds him fast,
In one life-long embrace, till life itself be past.

And so with thee, St. Mary's: thou hast been

No passing picture, but a living scroll;

¹ The open-air service (the Blanket Sermon) is still an institution in the parish of Yarrow.

A memory of still waters, pastures green,
Feeding the lamp of God within the soul,

The sweet Sabbath silence of thy hills—
I see them in my sleep, I hear their murmuring rills.

Through darkened days, in friendless solitude,

Such memories come like the returning dove,

Hope's olive-branch in life's despairing mood,

The soul's undying whisper, "God is Love,"

Till love has conquered; for whate'er befall,

The heart must save us, else we are not saved at all.

Oh could the world but hear thy tranquil teaching,

And in its disputations give less heed

To those vain problems far beyond its reaching

That chase the troubled soul from creed to creed,

When it might better rest its weary wings
Beneath God's holier temple of created things!

Blackwood's Magazine. J. B. SELKIRK.

"FINIS."

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL READER.

Oh! when we finish a tale of old,
The thing was through, and the story told.
But when we shut up a tale that's "New,"
There's little told, and there's nothing "through."

With neither beginning, middle, nor end,
We do not part with a book as a friend.
Finis! The word seems ironical sport,
It is not finished, but snapt off short,
Like the poor maid's nose by the black-bird's beak

In the "song of Sixpence." *That* tale was weak,

Ending in nought, like an alley blind.
But our story-spinners appear to find
Their moral there. Their tales don't close,
But break off short—like the poor maid's nose!

Ah me! for a few of the fine old chaps
Who gave us meals, not mere dishes of scraps:

Punch.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
PROSPER MERIMÉE.

Prosper Mérimée's heart was a posthumous discovery, first revealed to the world by the publication of the famous "*Lettres à une Inconnue*;" since then, as is usual with such discoveries, the tendency has been rather to exaggerate the extent of a possession which its owner so successfully concealed. Still, in this day of psychological studies few will quarrel with Mérimée's latest biographer for devoting himself quite as much to the character as to the writings of this interesting and complex person.¹ Altogether M. Filon's book is the best and fullest work on Mérimée that has yet appeared. M. Taine's introduction to the "*Lettres à une Inconnue*," M. Blaze de Bury's preface to the "*Lettres à une autre Inconnue*," the Comte d'Haussonville's biography, and the rest,—all are resumed, corrected, or amplified in these judicious pages. It would be impertinent to enumerate M. Filon's qualifications, but he has the great advantage of being sympathetic, as an Imperialist and faithful to the old order; and also of having had access to information and documents unavailable before, chief among which is Mérimée's correspondence with the Comtesse de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie, with whom he maintained a life-long friendship. And yet, with all the wealth of his material and the abundance of his knowledge, M. Filon does not seek to dogmatize, but discreetly leaves the reader to form his own conclusions.

The first question that appears to exercise every student of Mérimée is his cynicism, that habitual doubt and distrust which to his contemporaries illustrated perfectly the motto engraved on his ring, *μὴνός' ἀπιστεῖν*. Whence did this cynicism come? Was it due to the early influence of Beyle? Was it largely inherited, especially on the mother's side, as one authority suggests? Was it connected with that episode of boyhood narrated by M.

Taine, the scolded child leaving the room in tears, and, as the door closed behind him, hearing the laughter of his elders, amused that he should have thought they were really angry with him? Whatever the origin may have been, the fact itself is important, since (as we believe) this cynicism, whether or not assumed at first merely as a cloak of shyness, gradually so folded itself round Mérimée as to become an inseparable part of him, and to form in fact the one obvious and constant trait of his character. He has had some prototypes, notably among Frenchmen of the eighteenth century; but in our own day so perfect a cynic would be an anachronism.

The first exhibition of this temperament, and of the talent which went with it, was rather an elaborate practical joke; one of those mystifications which are now almost out of fashion, but which were much in vogue about 1825, when literature, other than classic, was pervaded by a spirit of fun quite alien to the present seriousness of young authors. Undignified as such a trick may be deemed, it has to be confessed that Mérimée's first published work, "*Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul*" (professing to be the plays written for herself by a celebrated Spanish actress), was a gross imposture, aggravated by the portrait of Clara which formed the frontispiece, and in which none except the chosen few could detect the features of Prosper Mérimée. The identity of Clara Gazul was of course eagerly sought for; the editor had taken good care to make the search a difficult one; yet even so one Spanish patriot was found bold enough to allow that the translation was fairly good, but nothing to the original. The plays themselves are a selection from a number of similar efforts read privately to a circle of friends, at the time when a spirit of revolt against the canons of the classic drama was already in the air.² They are witty and readable,

¹ Mérimée et ses amis; by Augustin Filon. Paris, 1894.

² One of Mérimée's early and unpublished dramas was entitled "*Cromwell*," about which one of the audience records that "the scene changed a

but not acting plays, any more than are the "Proverbes" of Alfred de Musset. The chief of them (such as "*Le Ciel et l'Enfer*," "*Une Femme est un Diable*," "*L'Occasion*") have common features. The scene in each is laid in some Spanish colony; the characters of a lady (or two), a lover, and a confessor figure in each; and in all of them the author discloses thus early his singular animosity against Catholicism and its ministers. "*Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement*" (now included in this collection, though of somewhat later date) breathes the same unedifying spirit, and contains also the first specimen of that peculiar type of woman, the *femme méchante*, malicious, mischief-loving, and adorable, who, in life and in literature, fascinated Mérimée so much. It is the story of the actress who playfully atones to the Church for her irregularities by presenting her coach to be used henceforth for conveying the last consolations of religion to the dying. The subject might be treated without offence; but Mérimée gives a malignant twist to the Peruvian legend by representing as the freak of a capricious woman what in the original version was a deed of sincere penitence. "*Le Carrosse*" is the only dramatic work of Mérimée that was put to the test of performance. Years later, when its author was a famous Academician, Mlle. Augustine Brohan of the *Comédie Française*, thinking to find a suitable part for herself in the wayward actress of "*Le Carrosse*," prevailed upon the directors of the *Théâtre Française*, and upon Mérimée with much reluctance and despite his own judgment, to have the piece produced. This was in 1850; and nothing can be said of it except that Mlle. Brohan's dresses

thousand times and the action was multiplied by indefinite complications." Now, if there are still any persons curious about the origin of the Romantic movement it may be noted that this "*Cromwell*" preceded the famous "*Cromwell*" by at least three years, though it should be added of course that, except in a contempt for the hapless unities, Mérimée had not the least affinity with the Romantic spirit as it soon came to be, understood and personified in Victor Hugo.

were much admired. After a few nights the play was dropped. Mérimée never professed to be a dramatist, or cared to be; though that he might have gone far in this direction seems evident, both otherwise and from the fact that so accomplished a playwright as Emile Augier pressed him on one occasion urgently, but vainly, for his collaboration.

To return, however, to the early years. The success of this first imposture suggested another. From Gazul to Guzla was only a slight transposition; and "*La Guzla*," a collection of Illyrian songs by one Ivan Maglanovitch was an even more remarkable mystification than "*Clara Gazul*," involving as it did not only a biography of the supposed poet, with notes, appendices, and so forth, but also a set of ideas and sentiments wholly foreign to the French nature. "*La Guzla*" was taken seriously by many eminent persons, among others by the Russian poet Pouchkine, who translated into his own language some of these "specimens of Illyrian genius;" and the great Goethe was so far impressed that he prided himself (in a letter to Mérimée) upon having penetrated the author's identity. We can fancy how that author must have chuckled at all this stir. His purpose, he tells us, had been to travel in Illyria for the sake of local color before concocting this book, but the necessary funds were wanting. "Never mind," he writes to the friend who was to have accompanied him; "let us describe our tour, and then with the proceeds of the sale we will go and see whether the country resembles our description." The result was "*La Guzla*." "From that time forward," he adds, "I was disgusted with 'local color,' having seen how easily it could be manufactured;" a flippant remark obviously aimed at Hugo and his school. Neither "*Clara Gazul*" nor "*La Guzla*" produced any pecuniary profit; but such versatility and power in a young man who was not yet twenty-five could not fail to make Mérimée known. And so he betook himself to more genuine work. On "*La Jacque-*

rie," a series of scenes in dialogue describing the peasants' revolt of the fourteenth century, an amount of time and labor was bestowed out of all proportion to the cold reception the book met with; a reception which no reader, who has tried to wade through this curious mixture of narrative and drama, will much wonder at. "*La Chronique de Charles IX.*" on the other hand, which Mérimée calls a worthless novel, became popular at once, and remains, with its striking incidents and strong characters, a solitary specimen of what its author might have accomplished in the field of historical romance.¹

But Mérimée's ambition, and at twenty-seven it may be supposed he still had some, pointed rather to the Academy than to the favor of the multitude for which, now and always, he had a very hearty contempt. Having shown that he could write a novel, he contented himself henceforth in fiction with short stories, while in graver matters he took up, as the fancy seized him, history, archaeology, travel, and the study of languages. The twenty years beginning with 1830 were the busiest of his life. In literature alone he touched and adorned almost every department; he was at the same time a government official, went much into society, and led something of a gay life generally. It was in 1830 that he first visited Spain, and at Madrid made the acquaintance of the Comtesse de Montijo, as also of the two little girls, one of whom was destined to rise so high. This visit happened to coincide with the Revolution of July; and Mérimée laments that his absence from Paris caused him to miss "so fine a spectacle," a word, by the way, which indicates pretty well his part in life generally, that of a spectator, interested at first but yawning more and more as the play goes on.

This particular spectacle, however, influenced Mérimée's career consider-

ably. Under the new reign he began official life, first as private secretary to the minister of the interior, and a few years later as inspector-general of historic monuments. In this position, which he held for twenty years, it was his lot to travel from one end of France to the other, to draw up many reports, and to come in contact with every variety of provincialism. Naturally much of his literary work is connected, directly or indirectly, with his professional capacity. Some of this,—such as "*Etudes sur les Arts au Moyen Age*," "*Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts*," "*Notes d'un Voyage dans Le Midi*," etc., is for the general reader; the greater part is of a technical nature and would demand an expert for its appreciation. It is commonly admitted that Mérimée, in spite of his inability to grasp the religious spirit of Gothic architecture, was a good inspector of monuments, that he elucidated many points of archaeology, and that he saved many a venerable building from unwise restoration. Tact and temper, as we know without going to France, are often required to avert the reckless use of whitewash by well-meaning local authorities. Mérimée had plenty of tact, and plenty of opportunity for its exercise, especially in dealing with his enemies the priests, of whom, in his examination of churches, he had to see a good deal. Whatever he felt on such occasions, he managed to repress his feelings; although in his whole career he found only one priest to speak well of, and that was the curé who, objecting to some repairs which the corporation wanted to enforce, closed his church and suspended all services until he gained his point. This was a man after Mérimée's own heart.

But we cannot linger over the official Mérimée, nor yet over Mérimée the historian, another of his numerous activities. The critical faculty, learning, and a terse lucid style (the best French prose that can be found, as some good judges affirm), these go far to the making of a historian; but in the faith which is needed for generalizing particulars, Mérimée, as

¹ "*La Chronique du règne de Charles IX.*" has been recently translated into English by Mr. Saintsbury.

Taine said, was quite deficient. Too sceptical to trust any theory, he avoided all and confined himself rigidly to the exposition of facts. "*La Guerre Sociale*" and "*La Conjuración de Catalina*" suggested this criticism to M. Taine, but it is applicable even to such comparatively popular works as the "*Portraits Historiques et Littéraires*" and the "*Histoire de Don Pèdre de Castille*." It should be observed, however, that M. de Loménie, Mérimée's successor in the Academy, put forward another and more flattering explanation of Mérimée's dryness as a historian. Since he possessed, says M. de Loménie, in the highest degree the inventive faculty, he was so afraid of this intruding upon the sobriety of history that, to guard against the danger, he purposely constrained himself to the opposite extreme. This engaging theory, so full of consolation for unread authors, sounds at first like one of those bits of extravagance which we expect to find in Academic eulogies, yet there may be something in it to account for the contrast between Mérimée's caution in history, and his freedom in fiction or semi-fictional subjects. A morsel, for example, like "*La Prise de la Redoute*" (which no doubt is pure fact) is sufficient to show how well he could combine vividness and brevity, when not trammelled by a consciousness of the dignity of history.

But Mérimée was perverse enough to write history for his own pleasure, and it pleased him generally to follow rare and remote bye-paths. The Social War is a page in Roman annals on the details of which, at any rate before Mommsen, even students might without blushing have owned themselves deplorably ignorant. Yet "*La Guerre Sociale*," which appeared in 1841, did as much as anything to pave the way for Mérimée's election to the Academy in 1844.

In conferring this honor the Academicians had collectively pardoned, as doubtless they had individually admired, many trivial productions of

the same pen during the last ten years,—the greater part, in fact, of those admirable tales which will ensure their author a lasting fame among all lovers of literature—"Tamango," "*Le Vase Etrusque*," "*La Partie de Triacrac*," "*La Double Méprise*," "*La Venus D'Ille*," "*Colomba*," "*Arsène Guillot*," It so happened that the last-named of these was published on the morrow of Mérimée's election, and great was the scandal among many of his new colleagues that the man, whom they had taken to themselves as a grave and erudite historian, should appear as a realistic novelist, dealing with such a subject as the love of a common courtesan. The treatment of this subject in fiction, though it had the precedent of "*Manon Lescaut*," was not in those days so usual as it has since become; moreover it was an unexpected development on Mérimée's part, for "*Arsène Guillot*" is unique among his tales, as the only one which deals with what it is now the fashion to call a problem of actual life. He does not indeed handle it in the fashionable method which, happily for fiction, had not then been invented; "*Arsène Guillot*" is simply the story, pathetic by the absence of all attempt at pathos, of an unfortunate woman whose love was her whole existence. And in recalling the mass of literature that has since been devoted to this matter, we feel inclined to subscribe heartily to M. Taine's remark: "The wax-taper offered by Arsène Guillot is a summary of many volumes on the religion of the people and the true feelings of courtesans."

It is this faculty of summarizing, of impressing character and situation by a few words or sentences, that makes Mérimée so perfect a master of fiction. If we add to the stories already named "*Carmen*" (1845), "*L'Abbé Aubain*" (1846), and two of much later date, "*La Chambre Bleue*" and "*Lokis*," the list will be tolerably complete. Of these "*Colomba*" best illustrates Mérimée's manner of interweaving in his fiction, without the least pedantry, a large amount of informa-

tion. Besides being an exciting story, it is incidentally "a philosophic study of primitive man as seen in the institution of the *vendetta*." Though contained in no more than one hundred and fifty pages, it is a full novel; how full may easily be tested by any one who will analyze it, and then do the same by, say, one of M. Zola's novels six times as long; he will find that the latter is more easily compressible than the former. Yet with all due deference to the much-lauded "Colomba," we may confess to a conviction that Mérimée's stories, as compared with one another, are better and more typical of his genius in proportion to their brevity. On this ground "Carmen" may be preferred to "Colomba," and "La Vénus D'Ille" to "Carmen." The central idea of each of these three is the same, the *femme méchante*, Colomba the beautiful savage, Carmen the baneful gipsy, and the statue with its "tigress-like expression," its "suggestion of indescribable malice." M. Filon observes that Mérimée's taste in men was for brigands, and in women for gipsies. This remark, applied to his stories, may explain why they mostly turn on the strange, the fantastic, the abnormal. Throughout there is a vein of mockery, as though the author were laughing partly at himself, partly at his reader. Could anything be more gruesome than the accident which is a foundation of "Lokis," a story only saved from repulsiveness by its vagueness and improbability? What more tantalizing, and even ridiculous, than the abrupt termination of "La Partie de Trietrac," in the anticlimax produced by the sudden appearance of a whale which interrupts the captain's yarn at its most critical part? Or what more fantastic than the idea of the dark fluid which trickles into "La Chambre Bleue" to the terror of the occupants who think it blood and find it to be port-wine? So the story ends in a laugh, but not without suggesting a possible and horrible inversion of the incident.

Idle subjects most of these, and none (except "Arsène Guillot") coming

close to the realities of life; such might be a verdict according with the modern tendency of fiction. Yet in one sense Mérimée may be claimed by the realists, for no writer has more bluntly despised every form of euphemism; frankness is one of the virtues of cynicism. It is a more undoubted and peculiar distinction that each one of his stories is an almost flawless piece of workmanship, the like of which can hardly be found. Preference must be a matter of individual taste; but in the way of constructive skill, there can be little doubt that "La Vénus D'Ille" is his masterpiece, the ideal type of all that class of fiction whose object is to produce artificial fear with the least obvious use of artifice. However often read, each fresh perusal will reveal some subtle details which help towards the general effect. Passing through the phases of curiosity, interest, excitement, the reader is left at the end in that kind of uneasy conjecture which makes the ordinary person instinctively look over his shoulder, half expecting to see something. The basis of the story, M. Filon has discovered, was a Latin legend in some mediæval chronicle; the composition and treatment were of course Mérimée's own. And certainly no ghosts, phantoms, or vampires,—not all the machinery of the supernatural so beloved by the Romanticists,—not even the most thrilling narratives of Edgar Poe—appear to us so effectual on the reader's mind. The whole art of the thing, as Mérimée himself sardonically pointed out, lies in the gently graduated transition from the ordinary to the extraordinary, from the commonplace to the abnormal. The principles which should govern the use of the preternatural in fiction he indicates in a matter-of-fact way, suggestive, as M. Filon says, of a recipe from a cookery-book. "Take a few clearly defined characters, quaint but possible; give the most minute reality to their features; then from the queer to the marvellous the transition can be made so slight that the reader finds himself

in the region of pure fantasy, before he is aware that the real world is far behind him."

The attraction exercised on Mérimée's fiction by the "adorable and malicious woman" has already been referred to; the influence of this same personality on his life is bound to interest all those who associate him chiefly with the romance of the *Incognita*. How many a great lady would fain have let it be believed that she was the Unknown, it would be perilous to guess. But Mlle. Jenny Dacquín (for the identity may be taken as established) was neither a Parisian fine lady nor an English peeress; she was the daughter of a Boulogne lawyer. The acquaintance began in an orthodox literary way out of some remarks addressed to Mérimée about his "*Chronique de Charles IX.*," and his replies thereto; but who the writer was, beyond the fact that she was a woman of culture, remained a mystery to Mérimée until they met in 1840. Then, whatever ideals he might previously have formed of his Fair Unknown, he was quite captivated by the original; and from that time forward the letters tell their own tale, down to the last short note written two hours before his death. This thirty years' correspondence,—a Thirty Years' War it might be called, waged with the most delicate weapons that lovers use, with pique and persiflage, irony and sentiment—might be the theme of endless dissertations. What was Mérimée's idea of woman in the abstract? Did he love this lady? What were her feelings towards him? Why did they not marry? Here are questions for the curious. Compendiously, however, something like a true theory may be presented thus. The pupil of Beyle, when he first entered Parisian life, had presumably imbibed in more or less degree the rather brutal views of that ferocious ex-trooper on the subject of woman. What these were may be ascertained by any one who will read the study of Beyle in "*Portraits Historiques et Littéraires*;" briefly they amount to a coarser expression of

Pope's well-known calumny. But this phase could not be lasting. Mérimée's had far more refinement than Beyle, besides a cold and prudent temperament which probably prevented him from ever plunging into excess of dissipation. To the attraction of the courtesan and the ballet-girl succeeded the opposite extreme, that of the literary woman. This phase coincides with the first blush of Mérimée's literary fame, and his entry into literary society. How long it lasted we know not; but it seems to have ended ludicrously (according to tradition) in a short and stormy affair with George Sand, broken off by mutual antipathy after twenty-four hours. The distinguished lady found Mérimée cold and supercilious; he on his part vowed he would have no more of the woman of genius. There remained the ordinary woman of society, fashionable, well-dressed, and well-looking, but not intellectual enough for so fastidious a taste. And thus by selection Mérimée evolved his ideal of a woman; a woman who should be critical and appreciative of literature, but no blue-stocking; frivolous and yet sentimental, fashionable and yet not insipid, caressing but somewhat spiteful, loyal and at the same time capable both of inspiring and of feeling jealousy. Such a combination of sense and sensibility would charm and hold him, and such a woman he found in the Unknown.

That he did not marry her might be ascribed simply to his often-expressed dislike for the responsibilities of married life; but the lady herself, whose decision of will is obvious, may possibly have had something to say on this point, just as she certainly deserves all the credit of having regulated their relations and set bounds for her lover which he should not pass. However it fell out so, posterity at least need not complain of the chance which saved so elegant a flirtation from an untimely end in dulness and domesticity.

In all such speculations it would be easy to over-estimate Mérimée's ca-

capacity for love, and to misunderstand his views of the other sex. For, after all, who can securely affirm from these letters any depth of heart, as distinct from that sentimentality which is the occasional relapse of cynicism? Among animals, be it observed, Mérimée was most fond of cats. This fancy, shared by divers eminent men, is generally, we take it, attributable to the fact that cats purr; with Mérimée it was due quite as much to the fact that they scratch. So also it was the feline woman, or, if the phrase be objectionable, the feline element in woman that attracted him most. Comparing the two sexes, he much preferred the society of woman, finding her more interesting and less disagreeable than man; but in woman as the helper and equal of man he had no belief; of her superiority, so old-fashioned was he, not the faintest idea had ever crossed his mind.

And now, amid his successes in society, in literature, and in love, Mérimée had reached middle-age when the events of 1848 afforded him the spectacle which he had missed eighteen years before. His comments thereon are contained chiefly in a letter to the Comtesse de Montijo, in which, after sketching with Tacitean terseness and pungency the familiar events of the Revolution, he concludes: "It was carried out by less than six hundred men, more than half of whom did not know what they were doing, or what they wanted. Now all is over." He is contemptuous of the king's stupidity and faintness of heart: "What in Heaven's name is the use of history, when no one benefits by it?" On his fellow-citizens, the French people, he is still more severe. Referring to the confusion and uncertainty which followed Louis Philippe's abdication, he writes: "The long and short of it is that cowardice and nothing else is at the root of the French character. No one dares; and combining vanity with cowardice, we adorn our fear with the names of 'spirit' and 'enthusiasm.' . . . Another great vice of our age is jealousy, and hatred of all superiority.

To such an extent does this prevail that the sight of our neighbor's misfortunes amply consoles us for our own. The people forgets its own abject poverty while it gloats over the discomfiture of the rich; and the day when a Rothschild fails will be a day of rejoicing for every peddling little tradesman who will thereby be ruined himself the next day. . . . Will it ever be possible to make anything of a people always ready to kill and get killed for the sake of a senseless phrase?"

The remarkable thing about these frank criticisms is that they should have been written by a Frenchman of Frenchmen. Yet, critical as he was, Mérimée cannot be credited with much political foresight. Like others he had at first a poor opinion of the coming man; indeed he went so far as confidently to predict that, whoever became president of the republic, it would not be Louis Napoleon; and afterwards he refers to him patronizingly as "our poor president." Altogether the outlook of public affairs at this time inclined him to despair of the State; his private position also was altered for the worse. Unfortunately he took the wrong side in the once notorious case of Libri. He maintained, in spite of a judicial decision to the contrary, that this gentleman was innocent of purloining valuable books and manuscripts from the public libraries of France; and his obstinate loyalty to Libri, whom he had known, led him into expressing such strong opinions on the motives and management of the prosecution that he had to undergo, for contempt of court, a short term of imprisonment. Released after a fortnight's confinement, he offered to resign his inspectorship, but the offer was not accepted. He seems to have thought seriously of leaving France, where he compares himself to the man who started for India with a cargo of skates; "only in my case I have not travelled, but the climate here has changed, which comes to the same thing."

Things were at the worst when a sudden turn of fortune brought Méri-

mée once more to the front. This was the romantic marriage of the emperor with Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo. The little girl whom, at Madrid and during her residence in Paris, Mérimée had amused with stories and spoiled with sweetmeats, was now her Majesty the empress of the French. The old friend was not forgotten. He might have aspired to high office, but he was content with the dignity and emoluments of a senator, and he resigned his inspectorship. At the Tuilleries, at Fontainebleau, and at Compiègne he was a favored guest, and his cultured cynicism entertained all who did not happen to be its victims. The grateful remembrance of the empress was met by a corresponding devotion on Mérimée's side. He is never weary of extolling her dignity and courage; indeed, in his capacity as a privileged grumbler he sometimes remonstrated with her for incurring what he considered needless danger. Thus it is with some reprobation that he quotes her brave words to the people who rushed to protect her, as she left the opera-house after the explosion of January, 1858: "Pray do not concern yourselves about us; this is one of our functions."

Mérimée was no fawning courtier, but frank and independent in his relations alike to the empress and the emperor. The latter he long distrusted, as a mere gambler for high stakes; but gradually he recognized in him the quality of inflexibility, the possession of a will, and the power to conceal it. He praised the emperor's speeches, and even fancied a resemblance between his character and that of Julius Cæsar, inasmuch that, instead of himself writing a life of the great Roman (as he had intended), he placed his learning at the service of Napoleon, and received, or gave, the honor of collaboration in the "*Vie de Cæsar*."

But by a perverse fate Mérimée was never destined to be in touch with his surroundings. No sooner did the Empire manifest liberal tendencies than he scented danger and grew uneasy. He was more imperialist than the emperor,

not because of any sentiment about the Napoleonic legend, but from a belief in the virtues of the Napoleonic system. His experience under Louis Philippe had not enamoured him of popular rights. Parliamentary rule he calls organized anarchy, and little better than revolution; nor could he understand why the emperor should incline to be a constitutional monarch when he might be an autocrat. "Such experiments," he ironically said, "are as though Harlequin should give his children a drum and trumpet and say to them, 'Amuse yourselves, but make no noise.'" So strongly did he feel on this subject that he wrote to the empress urging her to dissuade Napoleon from giving the right of interpellation to the Chamber. The sincerity of his intentions was undoubted, and was rewarded on this occasion by a decoration which he tried to decline with the characteristic remark, "It will make no difference in my loyalty, and it may inspire loyalty in others." On the Italian question he was among those who advocated the policy of Thorough. "Shut up Pius the Ninth and Garibaldi [he said] together on a desert island, and let us hope they will devour each other like the famous Kilkenny cats." Clericalism was of course another of his antipathies. Here he was not even faithful to his Napoleonic system, for with curious inconsistency he detested equally the Church and the Revolution. His attitude towards religion cannot be passed over, for it gives reason to those who hold that there must be a twist somewhere in the best-regulated mind. Priests and the apparatus of Catholicism he hated as bitterly as Voltaire, and with less cause; with more bitterness than Bentham he seems to have considered himself the personal enemy of Providence; even that vague and harmless thing called the religious sentiment he could not abide. Irreligion was in fact his foible, a constitutional antipathy, apparently unreasoned and certainly not proceeding from any devotion to positive knowledge or any ardor for science.

Pure scepticism like this, if confined to personal opinions, concerns no one else; but Mérimée appears on this subject alone to have departed, at least occasionally, from that well-bred tolerance and indifference which generally marked his behavior as a perfect gentleman and man of the world. Irritated perhaps by the many attempts to convert him with which he was pestered, he sometimes indulged in the pleasure of shocking his hearers by boasting, beyond the limits of good taste, about his unregenerate condition. If so, it is truly remarkable that a man of Mérimée's acuteness and sense of proportion should have failed to see that people who think much of their souls' safety are at least not more ridiculous than those who attach a preposterous importance to their own damnation.

Men of this temperament are not likely to be happy, and Mérimée's pessimism deepened as time went on. If he played a certain part in public life, it was rather by force of circumstances than of his own choice. As a senator he rarely spoke; as an Academician he served as a kind of mediator between the court and the majority of the Academy who were hostile to Napoleon. His footing in the imperial household made him the man behind the scenes to whom things are not so brilliant as they appear from the front. Even in 1860 he evinces uneasiness as to the fate of the Empire. Besides deeming Liberalism a mistaken policy, he had little trust in Napoleon's ministers, and he could not but think that his master was ill-served when, for example, on returning from a Cabinet Council, the Duc de Morny, in order to avoid the proximity of his dear colleague, M. Walerewski, climbed to the box and sat beside the coachman. "If you kept a pack of hounds," he writes, "would you care to have the dogs fighting with each other instead of following the game?"

In these circumstances he found it a relief to be frequently absent from the atmosphere of the court. Troubled

with a lung-complaint he began regularly to spend the winter months at Cannes; at other times he travelled about, England and Scotland being favorite resorts. In both countries he had many acquaintances, and to London he was especially attracted by the British Museum and his friendship with Panizzi. Wherever he went he was something of a lion, and his intimacy with Napoleon seemed to invest him with a kind of informal diplomatic status. His comments on British habits (better informed than the usual run of such), his opinions on various eminent persons, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Cobden, and that wonderful "old Pam," are plentiful in the letters to Mlle. Dacquín and in those to Panizzi. It is in a letter to the Comtesse de Montijo of January, 1862, that he mentions for the first time "a certain commentator on Homer, called Gladstone, whose ability in framing budgets is already the subject of wonder, and whose hour is approaching." A later reference to the same statesman is, or is meant to be, less complimentary: "He is a curious combination of the child, the statesman, and the madman (*Il y a en lui de l'enfant, de l'homme d'état, et du fou*)." He was an interested visitor at the House of Commons, where the general style of oratory impressed him with the quaint idea that, "The members all speak a peculiar language perfectly untrue and without any relation to facts, but as they all use the same style, they all understand each other, and so no harm is done."

Thus abroad Mérimée appears a shrewd and not disagreeable critic. Far less pleasant is the picture of him at home in his declining years. With growing feebleness and the habits of an invalid, his moroseness and discontent increased. The times were out of joint; nothing in France satisfied him. Fretfully he complains that at the Tuilleries there was too much eating and drinking, that there were too many Germans about, no literary tone, and, strange to relate, that it was impossible to obtain any news of what was

going on. Literature still afforded him some amusement. He was an accomplished linguist, and he devoted himself especially to Russian, in the introduction of which literature he may be called the pioneer. He translated and wrote articles upon authors like Tourguéneff, Pouchkine, Nicholas Gogol, not to speak of his recondite excursion into "Les Cosaques D'Autrefois." In a letter to his friend Albert Stappfer he explains his partiality for the Russian by a comparison unfavorable to the German language: "In a German sentence you may understand all the words without having a notion what the author means. My friend Möhl, himself a native of Wurtemberg, apologized to me the other day for being unable to translate for me a sentence from a German author, 'because [said he] this sentence occurs in the preface, and to understand its meaning, I should have to read through the whole twelve volumes!' This sort of thing does not happen in Russian."

Nothing, however, better illustrates the morbid stage which Mérimée's pessimism had now reached than his feelings towards the French writers of his own day. From most of these he was of course separated on political grounds; yet even so the appreciation of literature natural to a man of literary taste would, one might have supposed, have had some influence on his judgments. Yet rarely does he go beyond the faintest praise, and generally he speaks with flat contempt. Taine and Edmund About he certainly admired; Renan he praised for his picturesqueness, but laughed at for his timorous half-hearted attack on Christianity. The author of "Madame Bovary" he abhorred, and when "Salammbô" appeared, he confessed that he skimmed it through to pass the time in an out-of-the-way place where he could get nothing else to read, "but had there been a cookery-book at hand, I should never have opened that volume." Baudelaire was another horror to him; but his pet aversion was Victor Hugo, a man "who is intoxicated with his own words," the author of "Les

Misérables," "a book that might be dangerous if it were less absurd and less long; it is inferior at all points to the works of Eugène Sue. . . . Has Victor Hugo always been mad, or has he become so lately?"—and so forth. There is no need to multiply these grudging remarks. We may admit the justice of criticisms which attack obviously weak points, such as, in Victor Hugo's case, the constant straining for effect (*l'emphase*); we may recognize the value of such criticism as a corrective of absurd and extravagant praise; but none the less, the general tone of Mérimée in this and other instances reveals a crookedness of vision which, ignoring the virtues of others, saw only their failings and those as through a magnifying-glass. With the true spirit of the pessimist, Mérimée, finding nothing good in contemporary literature, sought refuge in his old favorites, in Aristophanes, Cervantes, Rabelais, Shakespeare.

It was in 1865 that Mérimée first saw Bismarck at Biarritz; and from this time forward it is easy to read, under the half-mocking "If M. Bismarck allows us" which occurs so frequently in his correspondence, his real conviction that the destinies of Europe had passed from Napoleon's into a stronger hand. When the crisis came and war was imminent, he was at least free from any delusion as to the skill of the French generals or the efficiency of the French army, though at the same time he was quite ignorant of the enemy's strength, considering the Prussians to be a mere rough beer-drinking militia. The disasters which followed broke through his apathy, and called forth all his loyalty to the empress, together with a patriotism he had long affected to deny. Strange that almost the last act in the life of this confirmed cynic should have been a desperate mission to Thiers (with whom he had never been on friendly terms) the object of which was to beg that statesman to form a government and save the dynasty. But Thiers, whether or not he already knew the event of Sedan (for there is a dispute as to dates),

politely and firmly declined, professing himself powerless to help the empress; and so poor Mérimée, sick in body and mind, dragged himself back to Cannes, and died, at the moment when that order of things, to which all his interests were attached, itself vanished away.

He was a remarkable man, but hardly an amiable one. Considered in literature alone, his combination of vast learning with the lightest and most graceful art of fiction gives him an exceptional place; while his habit of writing just what he liked to write, without regard to money or to popularity, makes him an ideal of literary independence. But circumstances set Mérimée on a more spacious stage than falls to the lot of most men of letters. He was an amateur of many parts; and if to his credit it must be put down that he was full of the Gallic spirit without the common Gallic failings of boastfulness, ostentation, and vanity, that he was above corruption and uninfluenced by fear or favor, that he was loyal to persons and to such principles as he allowed himself to hold; it is on the other hand impossible to deny the futility of a character which was solely critical and destructive, the character of a man whose chief object is to avoid doing what is absurd, and who therefore ends in doing nothing. The purely negative view of life, "a falling through the air [to employ his own illustration] which is pleasant enough until you reach the bottom," can produce no great results. Indeed Mérimée's famous criticism about "the child, the statesman, and the madman" inevitably makes us think that had he himself possessed a little of the child he would have been happier, a little of the madman he would have been more effectual. As it is, we leave his life with a feeling of regret that so much talent and so many opportunities were marred by so fatal a dilettantism. Always, as it seems, within reach of supreme excellence, he halts and says to himself, "Is it worth while?" And the answer unfortunately is always, "No."

From Longman's Magazine.

TOM'S SECOND MISSUS.

Betty Altj was dying. The neighbors had told her several times of late that they doubted she was goin' a long road, and the lengthening face of Tom, her Gaffer, appeared to endorse their prognostics; but Betty had never believed in her own critical condition until the doctor told her one day that she really was getting to the end of her tether.

"Well," said Betty, with a sigh, "th' A'mighty knows what's best fur us all. He couldn't ha' took me at a time when I'd ha' felt myself more ready to goo."

"Good old Betty!" said the doctor admiringly.

"Ah," continued Betty, "pig's killed, yo' see, an' chickens is pretty nigh grown, and taters 'll be got in a two-three days. There's nought mich left as wants seein' to. If it weren't fur th' thought o' th' Gaffer I'd be a'most fain to goo—this here cough shakes me to pieces very near—but eh, I cannot think whatever our Tom will do! Eh, doctor, yo'd never think how little sense he has fur a mon of his years! He's that careless and foolish-like I welly lose patience w' him sometimes. Yo'd never think. He'll sit aside o' fire and watch it gooin' out, an' never retch out 's'and to mend it; an' he'll put blackin' on t'wan boot happen twice ower, an' leave th' t'other dirty, and walk to church of a Sunday in it wi'out takin' a bit o' noticé. An' sleep! Eh dear o' me, that mon 'ud sleep I welly b'lieve till just upon dinner-time if I wasn't theer to shake him an' shout in 's ear."

"Poor Tom," said the doctor, laughing and buttoning up his coat, "he'll be in a bad way I'm afraid when you're gone, Betty. He seems to be the kind of chap that wants a woman to take care of him."

"Eh, he it thot fur sure," agreed the wife sorrowfully. "I dunnot raly know how the Gaffer's to live wi'out no missus."

"Why he must take another missus, that's all! If you will follow my advice, Betty, you'll pick out a good one

yourself before you go, and then you'll be sure he'll be well looked after."

The doctor buttoned the last button as he spoke and broke into a loud and cheery "Ha, ha." He was a North-countryman, born and bred, and there was an occasional almost brutal frankness in his dealings with his patients. But they, being of the same kidney, liked him none the less for it. Usually a joke like this would have been laughingly applauded; but Betty, struck with the idea, answered in all seriousness:—

"That 'ud be th' best, but I reckon it'll be hard enough to find wan as 'ull do fur him same 's me. We mun do the best we can as how it is."

The doctor withdrew, laughing and rolling his shoulders, and Betty, left alone, closed her eyes and fell to planning arrangements for her own funeral. Her mind, however, again reverted to the less cheerful subject of Tom's future prospects, and her face puckered itself up into a thousand doleful wrinkles as she realized the difficulty of providing him with a suitable helpmate.

Presently Tom himself entered the adjoining room—Betty's bed had been "shifted" to the parlor since her last attack, as she found a difficulty in getting up and down stairs, and besides she could thus more conveniently superintend Tom's operations in the kitchen. She heard him poking up the fire now, and filling the kettle; then the thump, thump of his clogs as he kicked them off on the floor; finally he opened the door and came in. He was an undersized, stout little man, with a ruddy, comical face, every feature of which seemed to turn up; even his eyebrows appeared to be climbing up his forehead, as though desirous of taking possession of the top of his head, which, indeed, sorely needed hirsute adornment.

He advanced slowly to his wife's bedside, contemplating her anxiously the while.

"How doesto find thysel' now?" he asked.

Betty's face assumed a certain melancholy importance.

"Doctor says I'm not long fur this world, Tom, he does indeed. 'Yo're very near th' end o' yo're tether, Betty,' says he; so theer in't mitch time to be lost I' getting ready, thou sees."

"Eh," said Tom, eying her very solemnly indeed. "Eh, Betty, I'm—I'm sorry, I am that."

"Well," said Betty, with a superior air, "we's all ha' to goo when we're time cooms. I allus thought yo'd be first, Tom, an' I'd planned to gi' yo' a nice funeral. But theer, it isn't the Lord's will. Thou'lt see as I'm laid out seemly—the best sheets is yonder o' th' top shelf o' th' cupboard, an' I'd like to weer my little cap wi' th' lace borders. Yo' can boil th' big ham, an' have a nice bit o' cheese an' that, but no beer. Nay, I wunnot ha' no drinkin' at my buryin', an' so I tell thee."

"Well," said Tom, thoughtfully scraping his chin with his big fore-finger, "I doubt folks 'll be a bit disapp'inted like; they allus look fur a drop o' summat—'specially them as carry coffin, thou knows. I'd be loth to vex thee, but still I'd like everything gradely at thy buryin', owd lass."

"Coom," conceded Betty, somewhat mollified, "thou can give bearers a mug each if thou likes then, but t'other folk mun do wi' coffee, an' thou'd happen best stick to coffee thysel'. 'Tud never do fur thee to fuddle thysel' on such a 'casion."

Tom looked a little blank, but he wisely forbore to discuss the point, and, after a moment's pause, observed with a deep sigh, "that he doubted if he'd 'ave mitch 'eart for coffee at sich a time."

"Whatever mun I do when thou'rt gone, missus, I'm sure I don't know," he added hopelessly.

Betty raised herself on her elbow.

"Tom, I've been bethinkin' mysel' and unbethinkin' mysel'. Thou'rt noan the mak' o' chap as could get on wi'out a woman to do fur thee. Why thou 'ud clem sooner nor think o' gettin' thy mate fur thysel', and as fur cleanin'—"

up, thou 'ud never notice if th' place wur a foot deep in muck. Thou 'ud need a body allus at thy elbow."

"Well," said Tom disconsolately, "I reckon I'll ha' to mak' shift wi' some mak' o' little lass as 'ull—"

"Little lass," interrupted the old woman indignantly. "That 'ud be a pretty to do! Set wan child to watch another. Same as blind leadin' blind."

"Ah, but," interpolated Tom mildly, "theer's none so mich work i' this little cote. Would thou have me pay out wage to a full-grown woman to set twiddlin' her thumbs i' th' ingle-nook wan half of her time?"

"Did thou ever see me twiddle my thumbs for so mich as a minute, Tummas Alty? Theer's work enough here if it's done as it should be, I can tell thee. But I never said thou wast to pay out wage. Nought o' th' kind. Thou mun get wed, mon, as soon as thou con at arter I'm putten under ground. Yigh, thou mun tak' another missus, an' then thou'lt not have to pay nought, an' hoo'll happen bring thee a bit o' brass i'stead."

"Eh, Betty!" said the Gaffer, taken aback. "Whatever put sich a notion as that i' thy 'ead? I dunnot want no missuses at all arter thou'rt gone, I'm sure I don't. I'd be a bonny bridegroom, jist upon sixty-four! Eh, the neighbors 'ud think me a gradely fool."

"Nay, nobry'd reckon it nought but nat'ral—a lone mon same's thee. An' what's sixty-four? Didn't owd Ned Turner get wed when he wur seventy-two an' his wife gone seventy? Hoo was his first love, they say, an' kept company wi' him a year an' more when they was young folks. Then hoo went to service an' Ned took up wi' another lass. An' when they coom together again every wan said it was beautiful."

"Coom, if that's all," cried Tom, fired with a spirit of emulation, "theer was poor Ann Norris as I coorted afore I met thee. Hoo's a widow now, an' childer is all upgrown an' settled. Hoo'd be glad enough, I reckon, if we was to mak' it up again."

"Now tho't's downreet ondacent on thee, Tummas, as be bringing up Ann Norris to me now as I've wan foot i' th'

grave! Thou an' me has had mony a word afore about Ann Norris. A poor sickly, ill-favored body hoo is too, and allus was, an' wan as never was good fur mich at any time! If thou was to wed her yo'd both coom to th' Union afore aught was long, fur sure!"

"Well, well, Betty, I did but name her, thou knows. I thought hoo'd happen do fur me as well as another, an' both bein' widowed 'tud ha' seemed more coomfortable like."

"Coomfortable!" ejaculated Betty ironically; "ah! 't 'ud be very coomfortable to hear t' owd body castin' up 'usband to thee fro' morn till neet! Hoo thought the world o' Joe, hoo did—eh, they was a proper pair o' dunder-heads! An hoo'll be castin' him up at thee all roads."

"Coom then," said Tom, who was anxious to meet Betty's views if possible, "what saysto to wan o' Gilbertson's daughters? They'n never been wed nor coorted neither as I've heerd on."

"Eh, Tom, Tom! Eh, dear o' me! However wilsto mak' shift to get along i' this world? Why th' oldest o' Gilbertson's lasses is but wan-an'-twenty year old."

"Ay, an' a bonny lass too," remarked Tom, with a certain contemplative air; "straight as a dart, an' her mother's reet hond they say."

"An' doesto think hoo'll be like to tak' to thee wi' thy bald head an' all?" Here the old woman was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, during which her husband regarded her with an expression of the utmost bewilderment and concern.

"Well, whatever mun I do?" he asked, as she sank back exhausted on her pillows. "I'm nobbut fur doin' as thou reckons best, thou knows, an' I cannot call to mind nobry else as would jus' suit."

"Theer's Margaret Heptonstall, isn't there?" suggested Betty, with an oddly triumphant intonation. "Tom, I tell thee hoo's th' wife fur thee! a staid, sensible, thrifty body, wi' a tidy bit saved, I fancy. Margaret 'ud mak' thee rarely coomfortable, Tummas."

Mr. Alty's face did not assume the rapture which might have been expected.

"Hoo's gettin' into years pretty well, isn't hoo?" he asked doubtfully, "an' hoo's a terrible sharp tongue, they say."

"No sharper than other folkses," retorted Betty. "If yo' speak civil to Margaret hoo'll speak civil to you. Her and me was allus pretty thick, an' I never had nought to complain on. Hoo's a notable body is Margaret, an' hoo mun be a good ten year younger than thyself, Tom. Eh, I can mind her fire-irons! Last time I went to see her they fair glittered, they did, an' her table was scrubbed till yo' could eat off it, an' the tiles o' th' floor, I could welly see myself in 'em! Hoo'd keep this here parlor nice, fur sure, an' never let a bit o' rust coom nigh th' pots an' pans i' th' kitchen as I've allus took sich pride in."

Tom grunted.

"Hoo'd do for thee," went on Betty enthusiastically; "eh, dear, it's a pleasure to think how coomfortable hoo'd mak' thee."

Tom's countenance still betrayed but moderate satisfaction.

"I'd rest easy i' th' ground if I knowed as Margaret was seein' to thee. Hoo's a wonderful hand at a pork-ple, Tom, and as fur sassages an' black-puddin's hers is reckoned th' best i' th' village."

"Say no moor," cried Tom with sudden determination, "we's do it if thou'rt so set on't! Hoo isn't wan as I'd ha' thought o' pickin' fur mysel', but if thou'rt satisfied all's reet."

"An' thou'll call round to Margaret's to-morrow wilito? an' ax her to step over here a bit. I'd like to put her in th' way o' things afore I go."

Mr. Alty assented; and the next day, donning his Sunday coat and hat, but retaining his corduroy nether-garments—a costume eminently adapted to the solemn but business-like errand on which he was bent—he duly betook himself to the abode of poor Betty's prospective successor.

Margaret Heptonstall, a tall gaunt woman, with a frosty eye, and an

angular cast of feature, was standing with her back to the door, and her bony arms plunged up to the elbows in soap-suds.

"Good-arternoon," observed Tom diffidently, his eyebrows climbing a little further up his forehead than usual. "Yo'll have heerd as our missus is down wi' th' titus an' not expected to recover."

"Ah," returned Margaret, "I did hear summat o' th' kind. It'll be a bad job fur you, Mr. Alty, won't it? Dun yo' want me to lay her out or that?"

"Not exactly," returned Tom dolefully, "hoo isn't dead yet, yo' see—"

"Eh, but's allus well to look for'ard an' not be leavin' things to the last."

"Hoo tow'd me to step round an' ax yo' to look in fur a two-three minutes. Hoo's awful anxious to see yo', an' hoo'd tak' it very kind o' yo' to coom."

Margaret's face clouded, and she clacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth before replying.

"Well, if it hadn't ha' been washin' day there 'd ha' been no trouble about it, but I'm i' th' very thickest of my wark now. I'd ha' thought yo'r Betty 'ud ha' knowed Tuesday was a busy day wi' me. Is it summat partic'lar?"

"Well, it is rayther partic'lar," said Tom, while his eyebrows actually disappeared under his hat. "Hoo wouldn't ha' axed it I'm sure wi'out it wur thot. Hoo's awful troubled i' her mind, Margaret, and hoo allus thought a dale o' yo'."

Miss Heptonstall slowly withdrew her arms from the tub, wiped them, and pulled down her sleeves; then she stalked into the adjoining room, presently emerging, bonneted and shawled.

"I'll nobbut feed th' dumb things an' then I'm ready," she remarked.

Tom stood by while two large black cats were each provided with a saucer of milk, and a fat and ancient collie dog invited to partake of an immense dish of porridge; after which Margaret sallied forth with a pailful of scraps for the hens.

"Yo' might give pigs their mate," she observed, nodding sideways at an over-

flowing bucket in the corner. "It'll save time."

Tom looked ruefully at his Sunday coat and wondered what Betty would say; but he did not venture to protest, and neither was he possessed of sufficient enterprise to doff the garment in question before betaking him to his task.

At last they set off, Tom lagging comfortably behind, according to his invariable custom when escorting Betty. But, to his annoyance, Margaret accommodated her pace to his, and insisted on keeping abreast of him.

She asked questions, too, which required answers, instead of keeping to the good old-established rule which prescribes an occasional placid remark on the one hand and a monosyllabic grunt on the other.

When they arrived at his cottage he ushered Miss Heptonstall, according to Betty's orders, straight into the sick-room. Betty was sitting up in bed, a flush on her hollow cheeks and her eyes unusually bright. She received her visitor solemnly and pointed to a chair.

"Sit yo' down, Margaret, do, and Tom, dunnot thou be fur leavin' us. Coom round here to cheer t'other side o' th' bed."

Tom, who had been going out of the room, came back rather unwillingly, walked round the bed, and sat down, hitching up his trousers at the knees.

Betty thereupon, at great length and with much persuasive detail, broached her plan to Margaret, whose astonishment knew no bounds.

"Well, of all!" she began, when at last a pause in Betty's speech enabled her to put in a word. "Well, Betty! I never could ha' dreamed o' sich a thing! I never reckoned to change my condition at this time o' day, and I never did hold wi' men folks as how 'tis. Nay, nay, no men fur me, I've allus said!"

"Ah, but, see yo', Margaret," cried Betty warmly, "our Tom's not same 's other folks. Eh, he's that quiet and that good natured I could never tell

you. I scarce know half my time whether he's in th' house or out o't."

Here Tom's countenance assumed an expression of gratified surprise, and he hitched up the knees of his trousers again.

"I welly believe theer never was sich a wan as our Tom! Never no drinking nor swearin' nor traipsin' off to th' town o' neets. Every penny of his wage he hands ower to me reg'lar, an' he'll wark—eh, dear! how thot mon o' mine will wark! Never one minute idle."

Tom, rubbing his hands up and down on his knees, looked more and more elated and astonished. Really he had had no idea that Betty had such a high opinion of him.

"And see how coomfortable he'd mak' yo'. He's addlin' good wage—eighteen shillin' a week, yo' known—and he's saved a bit, an' he's wan o' th' owdest members o' the club."

Margaret, visibly moved, gazed at Tom with an appraising eye, he, meanwhile, endeavoring to appear wholly unconscious; but he thought within his own mind that Margaret would be very foolish indeed if she did not at once close with the offer.

"Ah, Margaret, I tell yo'," pursued Betty emphatically, "yo'll be a happy craitur if yo'll tak' our Gaffer. Ony woman 'ud think hersel' lucky to get sich a chance."

"Coom," said Tom, grinning bashfully, "theer, missus, thot'll do! Thou'rt sayin' too mich."

"Nay, lad, I couldna say too mich, nor half enough. Who's to say it if I dunnot? I ought to know, as has been wed to thee thirty year an' more."

"Thou has, owd lass, thou has," cried Tom, suddenly beginning to whimper. "Thirty year, eh! dear o' me. I dunno however I'm to tak' up wi' a new un."

He wiped his eyes with his coat-cuff, and sobbed.

"Get away wi' thee, wilty, leather-head," said Betty in an angry whisper: "thou'rt allus sp'ilin' everything! Out wi' thee to kitchen, an' set 'taters on to boil."

He shambled out, and the two women

continued to discuss the projected alliance; Margaret finally consenting to become, in due time, the second Mrs. Alty.

"It'll be a wonderful coomfort to my mind, Margaret," observed the present possessor of that title. "I know yo're jest sich a wan fur scrubbin' an' cleaning as mysel'. Yo'll keep steel bar on my fender bright, an' wash the chany careful; an' theer's a two-three silver spoons i' th' cupboard, but I never use them, yo' known."

Margaret nodded.

"I reckon I'll have a look round afore I go," she said. "Con I do anything for yo', Betty?"

"Nay, thank yo'; I have a drink here. Barley-water an' milk, yo' see. I dunnot care fur mich else. But stop an' have a bit o' dinner yoursel'. Theer's a nice bit o' cowl pork, an' 'tatures 'ull be ready afore aught's long."

"Well, I could do wi' a bit," replied Margaret.

A great snuffling and scratching at the bedroom door interrupted her, and she laughed.

"Why, here's poor Laddie! Eh, weren't it clever o' th' craitur to follow me here? It's wonderful the sense he has!"

She opened the door as she spoke, and the collie rushed in; bouncing up against Betty's bed with his fore paws, and making muddy tracks on her sheets. She pushed him feebly away, with a little scream, at once angry and terrified.

"My word, Margaret, whatever are yo' thinkin' on? An' Tom—I do wonder at him, lettin' the brute in here! Th' mon hasn't a bit o' sense! Eh, Margaret, turn it out, do!"

"He'll noan hurt yo'," said Miss Hep-tonstall; "he's the goodnaturedest beast alive, an' that knowin', yo'd think he'd talk sometimes. I'm fond of all wick things, but he's my favoryite. Ah, when him an' me's sat aside o' th' fire, I'd ax no better company. An' he sleeps under my bed o' neets, as quiet as a Christian."

"Under th' bed!" exclaimed Betty,

deeply scandalized—"under th' bed! Did onybody ever hear o' sich a tale? My word, Marg'ret, yo'll ha' to give ower that mak' o' wark if yo' reckon to coom here! I'll noan ha' dogs an' sich-like coomin' into my 'ouse, messin' about wi' their muddy paws, an' knockin' ower things wi' their great tails! I never did howd wi' 'em, an' I'm noan goin' to have 'em about when I'm gone."

Margaret was either too good-tempered or too obtuse to make the obvious retort that, when she was installed as Tom's missus, Betty would no longer be in a position to object to any novelty she might wish to introduce. She sniffed a little instead of replying, and stalked into the kitchen, leaving the door ajar.

Betty lay back, panting; the recent discussion had exhausted her, and her growing irritation was now almost more than she could bear. With dilated nostrils and parted lips she listened to the movements and conversation of the pair in the kitchen.

"Dun yo' allus ha' 'taters boiled i' their jackets?" she heard Margaret say, "I like 'em better peeled an' steamed mysel'!"

"Our missus reckons it's more wasteful," rejoined Tom.

"Not a bit, if it's done careful. An' they're a deal tastier. Boiled an' steamed, yo' known, an' then browned a bit, i' th' oo'n, eh, they're wonderful good."

"Very like they are," agreed Tom, and Betty felt unreasonably angry.

"Here's the pork," went on Margaret. "H'm! time to eat it; it's gettin' mouldy."

"'Twas nobbut cooked day afore yesterday," cried Betty, but so feebly that no one heard her.

Margaret clattered about, peering into dishes and opening drawers. Betty writhed as she pictured the cold eyes prying into her treasures, the calculating fingers touching them.

"Hoo might ha' waited till I were dead," she said to herself.

"Here's a good few apples," Margaret observed presently. "They'll coom in

nice fur sauce wi' that dry bit o' pork. I'll make it in a minute, see!"

"Nay, they apples is fur turnovers at the week end yo' known," returned Alty. "When beef's done, an' we're put to fur a bit, it makes a change wi' a mouthful or two o' cheese. We never ha' sauce wi'out at Michaelmas and Christmas when we'n a goose."

"Well, I think cowl pork's poor mate fur onybody. I'll mak' yo' a bit o' sauce in a two-three minutes; yo'll fancy your dinner a deal more."

Tom made no further protest. Unprincipled Tom, was this the way he repaid Betty for all her long anxious years of thrift and saving?

As for Margaret, she was an extravagant hussy, a good-fur-nought, wi' her wasteful, wheedlin' ways! Certainly, if Betty had known what she was, she would never have selected her as a mate for her Gaffer. But, indeed, the Gaffer was just as bad. If he had had the spirit of a mouse, he'd have stood up for Betty, and maintained that her ways were best; and instead of that he would gobble up his sauce, for sure, and show that he enjoyed it! Betty felt more and more wrathful against Tom; oddly enough, even more than against Margaret.

"Well, all's ready now," observed Margaret, after a short interval.

"Pull up then," returned her host. "Help yo'rsel', do, Miss Heptonstall."

Ah, they were getting on very nicely, and never a thought to the poor dying woman in the next room! Well, well, she'd soon be out o' their road now, but she did think Tom would have shown more feelin'.

"Yo'r table-cloth's pretty well wore out," observed the visitor, presently; "theer's more darns than stuff. Is this yo'r Betty's mendin'?"

"Ah," said Tom.

"I allus use a finer thread mysel', but I've a beautiful lot o' new table-cloths. Wan on 'em 'ud be nice fur the funeral."

"Nay," put in Betty from the inner room, "I'll not ha' nought but my own stuff."

"Wasto callin', owd wench?" asked Tom mildly, but Betty had pulled the sheet over her face and did not respond.

She sobbed a little while she hid her face thus.

It was some time before she made up her mind to emerge, and when she did so, strange sounds met her ear. The couple in the next room were having "words," and Tom's voice was uplifted indignantly.

"It's our missus's cheer, I tell yo'. I'll noan ha' the dog set in our missus's cheer."

"Goodness gracious! Wan cheer's no better than another. Laddie allus sets i' th' armcheer at our place. He'll noan hurt it, an' thy missus 'll never need it no more."

"Well, if hoo noesn't set in it, nobry else shall set in't," shouted Tom. "Theer now! I'll not have it."

"Why, then, I tell ye, Mester Atly, if I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll set in ony cheer I fancy, an' do jest as I please! If I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll coom as missus, an' not tak' no words fro' nobry."

"Then yo' needn't coom!" shouted Tom. "I'll ha' noan o' yo'. I'll ha' nobry settin' i' our missus's place an' findin' fault wi' our missus's ways! An' yo' con goo as soon as yo'n a mind to—yo' an' yon ill-favored cur o' yours! I'll be fain to see th' last on yo'."

The plates and glasses jingled as he struck the table with his fist; there was a scraping back of chairs, and hasty footfalls sounded on the tiled floor.

"I'm fain to goo, then," cried Margaret shrilly; "but dunnot yo' coom axin' me back, thot's all."

"Nay," said Tom, "I wunnot."

The house door banged, and the Gaffer, rushing into Betty's room, sank down upon her bed and burst into tears.

"Eh, missus," he sobbed plaintively, "I cannot thooal it—nay, I cannot! Eh, thou may barge at me as mich as thou likes. Hoo's gone, an' I'm glad on't! Eh, I thought I'd ha' choked wi' that sauce o' hers! Nay, lass, I cannot do

wi' a strange woman arter all they years as thou an' me's been wed! I dunnot want nobry but thee."

A tremulous smile crept over Betty's old face, and she stretched out a shaking hand, which Tom grasped fervently.

"But whatever wilt do when I'm gone?" she asked, after a moment.

"I dunno," responded Tom, still clutching her hand; "but I'll never have another missus—I know thot. I'd a dale sooner go to th' Union."

"Eh, mon, I couldna rest i' my grave if thou wert i' th' Union."

"Why, then, thou mun not goo to thy grave, owd lass—thou munnot truly! Eh, Betty, couldn't thou mak' a shift to live a bit longer? Happen I'm noan so long fur this world mysel'. I'd a deal sooner we went together."

Betty looked wistfully at him.

"If it were th' A'mighty's will," she said. "Eh, well, I'll try to howd on fur a bit."

Betty's efforts were crowned with success. This little drama took place more than two years ago, and she is not dead yet.

M. E. FRANCIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IRELAND REVISITED.

When, after making acquaintance with Ireland in the spring of last year,¹ I ventured to express my admiration of its scenery, its climate, and its people, and confessed to a keen desire to revisit them as soon as might be, some of my English friends said to me, "Leave well alone. Doubtless your experience was an exceptionally favorable one. You went in May, when the whole world is beautiful. Perhaps you had an agreeable travelling companion, and were hospitably entertained in various parts of the island. Possibly, you had some fine weather. But remember the fate of the Hebrew Leader, who struck the rock twice, and was excluded from the Promised Land.

What you saw was new to you; and conceivably you took with you a temperament uncritically alert to fresh impressions. You have had the good fortune which happens to few in later life, to foster a new illusion. Take care to keep it. If you go to Ireland a second time, it will vanish."

Well, I have been to Ireland a second time; and if the conviction that its mountains, lakes, rivers, bays, fords, are unsurpassed in picturesqueness and fascination; that its climate has all the charm of vernal caprice, for spring never quite leaves Ireland; that its people, when approached in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry, and not in the temper of the drill-sergeant, are singularly engaging; and that its ways, though in many respects not our ways, repose on a theory of life, a conception of Here and Hereafter, not to be brushed aside by a fine air of material superiority,—if this conviction was an illusion, it is an illusion that has been not weakened, but confirmed, by a second experience. Last year I visited Ireland in spring. This year I was there in late summer and early autumn. On the former occasion, I was for the most part in the south and south-west. On this, I was mostly in the north-west. But the effect produced was the same in both instances, and I own to being as much delighted with Connemara as with Killarney, with Achill almost as much as with unequalled Glengariff.

The London and North-Western, that *primus inter pares* of the best English railways, enables you to go to Ireland either by day or by night; and, having travelled by day on my first visit, this time I tried the less agreeable method. As I stood on the platform of the Euston Station, I almost felt as if I were already in Ireland; for there was everything to remind me that Ireland is the poor relation of the British family. The trains to Holyhead are most commodious, and the service, though it might be expedited somewhat, is reasonably good. But, to the left of the platform stood the Irish Mail, and on the right the Mail to Scotland. What a contrast! Of course,

¹ See LIVING AGE, No. 2626.

the Mail to Scotland was to start the first. Scotland has precedence, as though it will always be soon enough to get to Ireland. The Scotch Mail consisted of every conceivable kind of railway carriage, each a model of sumptuous, almost ostentatious, comfort; and the occupants gave like indications of opulent ease. Footmen, valets, and ladies'-maids moved to and fro with dignified obsequiousness, instructing porters solicitous to please as to the disposal of gun-cases, fishing-rods, and dressing-bags. Pointers, retrievers, and lapdogs were the object of the most sedulous attention; and the young men of Messrs. Smith & Co.'s bookstall carried none but the smartest editions and the sixpenny society papers to the carriage windows. A quiet signal; and with equal quietness the glittering train glided away. We were not to start for another ten minutes. But, simultaneously with the departure of our plutocratic kin, the bookstall was closed. I suppose it was not worth while to keep it open for humble folk who were only going to Ireland. There are so many Irish grievances already, I hope no one will think I am inventing another. If there were no dogs in our train, no gun-cases, and only here and there a fishing-rod, with whom lies the fault? From dogs to guns, from guns to valets, from valets to ladies'-maids and footmen, from valets and ladies'-maids to their masters and mistresses, the transition is natural, logical, and necessary. But, below the dog again, are the grouse and the black-cock; and the fishing-rod reposes on a plentiful substratum of trout and salmon. Your Scotchman preserves, or suffers preserving. Your Irishman poaches; and, being himself perhaps still a little *ferus naturæ*, he looks askance at your keepers, your watchers, and your beaters. And so our train was a humble one. The poor relation refuses to amend his poverty on the conditions offered him by his richer kin. Perhaps he is right. But it would hardly be fair to manufacture a grievance out of the consequences of his independence.

On any other steamboat service with which I am acquainted, should you wish to have a private cabin it is not always to be had; and, if you are allotted it, it is rarely very spacious, and you invariably pay for it. On the Irish steamers between Holyhead and Kingstown, if you take the ordinary precaution of writing to Dublin in good time, you are sure of a private cabin, both large and commodious, and no charge is made for it, though you will do well, of course, not to forget the steward. I look on the arrangement as a foretaste of that Irish hospitality that has passed into a proverb. By a blunder of my own, my heavier luggage had been labelled at Euston only as far as Westland Row, though I was going on to Kingsbridge, and indeed farther, without breaking my journey. But, on explaining my mistake to the luggage-porter on board the boat, describing the things, and telling him they all bore a label with name and address written on them, he begged me not to give them another thought, for he would find and re-label them in the course of the transit, and I might count on their being at Kingsbridge Station. The civility and attention shown to travellers by the servants of English railway companies could not be surpassed. But, while they seem to be performing a duty, though performing it most cheerfully, in Ireland a similar service appears as if it were an act of personal politeness. Fine manners are surely some test of civilization; and if that be so, Ireland is not altogether barbarous while we ourselves, as a community, cannot boast to be, in every respect, supremely civilized. At the Kingsbridge Station I breakfasted as well as I should have done in any railway refreshment-room in England; and again I noticed a personal desire that I should have everything I wanted; being treated as a living creature with individual tastes and peculiarities, not merely as one of a number of insignificant travelling units. But then, in order to receive this agreeable deference and discrimination, I suppose you must yourself

manifest something of it, and exhibit some interest in those who are good enough to find you interesting because you are a human being.

But the Irish are so casual and inaccurate. Perhaps they are. I wanted a ticket to Ballycumber. The ticket-clerk asked me if Ballyhooley would do for me. Naturally, I said it would not; which evoked the exclamation, "It's Prospect you're going to." Which it was, only the ticket was stamped to Prospect and the station itself is inscribed Ballycumber. I remember that, at Westport, on asking why the train did not start, seeing that it was a quarter of an hour after the time named for its doing so, the answer I received was, "The engine's gone cold"—doubtless during a warm conversation between the driver and some of his friends; and a lady who was in the same compartment with me, and overheard the remark, told me that on the previous day a station-master had said to the driver of a locomotive as he steamed in and drew up at the platform, "Where's your train?" The man had come without it. I suppose these casualties cause inconvenience sometimes, but they contribute diversion to irresponsible travel. Moreover, one sometimes reaps advantage from a free-and-easy system of locomotion. When going from Galway to Recess by the new light railway, I wanted at Oughterard to look at the river, but feared I should not be able to do so in the time allowed for our halt. "Sure, we'll wait for you," said a porter; and they did. In Ireland people like waiting. What they do object to is being hurried. They dislike "tedious haste."

Perhaps the fact that this light railway from Galway to Clifden was then but newly made, and scarcely yet in working order, rendered this obliging act of civility more feasible. What constitutes a light railway I do not know, for the one I speak of, though consisting of only a single line of rails, apparently resembled all other railways, save in so far as its stations and the buildings connected with them are exceptionally good. The gratitude ex-

pressed by the inhabitants of the district for the boon secured to them by Mr. Balfour is very striking. They declare, and are never tired of declaring, that "he's the only man who ever did anything for this country;" and they wanted to know if there was any chance of his coming there again, for "would he not have a fine reception?" and when it was explained to them that his brother was now chief secretary, they hoped he was "the same sort of gentleman." During the next fortnight I had to hear the changes frequently rung on this theme; so that when I got farther into the land, I could not help thinking what is known as "Joyce's Country" might not inappropriately henceforth be called "Arthur's Country."

The admiration of Ireland which "Maga" gave me an opportunity of expressing, more than a year ago, had brought me characteristic offers of gratuitous hospitality from the landlords of certain inns in Connemara. But my steps were not quite in their direction, and my first halt in that part of the world was at Recess, a first-rate headquarter for any one who wants to combine fishing with beautiful scenery. The Irish Tourists' Association and the Irish railway companies, acting together, will in due course endow the most picturesque parts of Ireland with the conventional model hotel, and I have no doubt they are wise in their generation in doing so. I have observed that many people, in travelling, are anxious, above all things, to meet with a reproduction, as far as possible, of the circumstances and conditions they left at home. That seems odd, since I should have thought absolute novelty was the chief charm of travel. Moreover, the best hotel is necessarily but a bad imitation of domestic comfort; whereas a good or even an indifferent inn atones for inferiority of accommodation by freshness of sensation. There is no necessity for dogmatism in this matter; and I do not doubt that the hotels of Parknasilla, Kenmare, Waterville, Derrynane, etc., recently established,

will both attract and satisfy numbers of visitors to the exquisite scenery of Kerry. In Galway, and in parts of Donegal, similar accommodation for tourists will be provided. Only I should like to say a word in favor of the inn, as against the hotel, at least in the more primitive localities. It has always seemed to me there is the same difference between an inn and a hotel that there is between hospitality and entertaining. One is at home in an inn; one is not at home, one is on sufferance, in a hotel. It may not be easy to hit the exact distinction between the two; but I should think the proprietor ought, like Phaethon, to take the middle course, and that most people would rather, when among mountains or by the ocean-cliffs, stay or abide at a rather primitive inn than at a strictly modern hotel.

Yet perhaps it is dangerous to offer advice of this kind; for I perceive an indignant tourist writes to the *Times* because the milk for his tea was brought to him in Ireland in a cup instead of the orthodox ewer, and he accordingly counsels holiday-makers to avoid that country! Fancy missing magnificent scenery for such a reason! I do not think he can have travelled much in Italy, to say nothing of Greece.

The inn at Recess—which I believe will, before next spring comes round, be replaced by a more pretentious one—was primitive in its service, but otherwise not open to criticism save of the fastidious and carping sort. You must not look for division of labor in Ireland. It is everybody's business to answer your bell—supposing there to be one—to clean your boots, or to bring your hot water, and therefore it will sometimes happen that it is nobody's business. But you will never be wrong in asking anybody to do anything for you, and in time it will be done; and I can never understand why people who seem, in the course of the day, to have so much time on their hands, should be in such a hurry to have their needs of the moment responded to. If honest joints properly cooked, plain puddings, stewed fruit, good bread, good butter,

good bacon, eggs without stint, and tea made with boiling water, do not satisfy people's appetite, they had better not go for change of air and scene to the Twelve Pins. The water for their tub, of a morning, will be brought them in instalments; but it will be brought. If you desire anything more dainty than I have named, you need not fear to invade the kitchen and take counsel with Miss Mullarkey. For in Ireland, as in Italy, the kitchen seems open to anybody, and you meet people there who have nothing on earth to do with the establishment. I suppose they bring news or gossip, have a fowl or a fish to sell, are the sixteenth-cousin-removed of the great-grandmother of the landlady, or perhaps they too want a little change of air and scene. The English idea expressed by the words, "No entrance here except on business," is unknown in Ireland. Everybody has business that has anything to say; and everybody has something to say. The English, being a self-satisfied, self-sufficient, and quietly contented race, and not in the least terrified by the Universe, whose laws they have bitten and bridled and made to drudge for them, are sufficiently happy in remaining silent. They do not require the society of their kind, save for the purpose of helping to lift a load or overcoming *vis inertiae* somewhere. But the Celt, the Irish Celt at least, when left to himself and the resources of his own nature, is oppressed and appalled by the vast unsympathizing silence of things, and falls into lethargic melancholy. He wants to talk, in order to break the dumb spell of the surrounding mystery, to forget that he is a lonely segregated unit in a world of infinite indifference, and to intoxicate himself for a time with the idea that he is part of a goodly company, a protected member of the great human tribe. Moreover, it is part of his politeness, of his urbanity, to talk; and the taciturnity of the Saxon seems to him inhuman.

The fisherman can hardly do better than make Recess his headquarters, for he has, within driving distance,

Lough Orid, Lough Inagh, Lough Derryclare, Lough Ballynahinch, and the rivers that connect them, at the disposal of his rod. On this subject I speak rather as a novice than as an expert, and express the opinion of others, gathered on the spot, rather than my own. But I received the impression, both from personal experience and from surer sources of information, that the fishing is, for the most part, not so good as you would expect it to be, either from the look of the water or from the price you have to pay for the privilege of enjoying it. A day's salmon-fishing costs fifteen shillings, independently of what you give the boatmen; though, for a second rod in the same boat, you are charged but seven-and-sixpence. The charge for trout-fishing on the same conditions is seven-and-sixpence and two-and-sixpence. No charge is made for the boat, but you have to pay the boatmen. As a rule, you have to drive some distance to reach your "stand," and thus a further addition is made to the expenses of the day. I think it right to say all this, lest any one should imagine he will get sport for nothing. No doubt, there are loughs, and I dare say streams, that are free. But they are less accessible, and therefore entail either a considerable amount of pedestrianism, or still larger outlay on conveyance. I believe the enthusiastic fisherman will fish the air rather than not fish at all, and considers no distance too great, if he can only cast successfully at the end of it. His motto is, "*Nulla dies sine linea*,"—let no day pass without casting a line somewhere.

To the profane outsider, like myself, fishing is valued less for the contents of the creel at the end of the day than for the lake and mountain, light and shade, sunshine and storm, river-song, wind-melody, and cloud-architecture, that are the circumambient accidents of the so-called gentle craft. I fished, for a long day, on Lough Orid, and for a short one, on Lough Inagh; both days of ideal summer weather, by which I mean windless days, warmed and enlivened by sunshine, of which you

are not too conscious, since tempered by a few stationary clouds that lay their grey shadows softly on the green hillside. Every now and then, there was a rise from a sea-trout, more frequently a bite from a brown one; and then, for some minutes, the serenity of nature was forgotten for the excitement of wearing out and capturing a pertinacious adversary. The boatmen, who themselves are of course expert fishermen, and who spend the dead months in watching their spawning-beds in lake and river, manifested the liveliest interest in each fresh catch,—the primitive man never losing his zest for simple pleasures. Thus for him life never palls, so long as there is a fin in the wave or a feather in the air. Yet these companions were very tolerant of one's long fits of absence from the matter in hand, of one's purposeless listening to the lapping of the water on the lake-boulders, to one's lending an attentive ear to the rustle of the ripening river-reeds, to one's empty-visaged gazing at the silvery veil that ever and anon came athwart the face of the purple mountain-side. On the quietest days there is nearly always some little wind on a large-sized lake; and, while I craved for no more, they kindly regretted there was not more curl and a darker color on the water, so that the basket might be better filled. But the days were not always of that tranquil, transparent complexion. I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere; and, if the truth must be told, I like rain, so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day." Irish weather is not so much capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night; and lo! the next morning, Ireland is one sweet smile, and seems to say, "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah then! I'll rain no more." And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone-walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent,

healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven; and just won't your Honor buy the stoutest pair of home-made hose from a barefooted, bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings, with eyes like dewdrops, and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse. If, on such mornings as these, you do not lose your heart to Ireland, it must be made of stern, unimpressible stuff indeed.

It takes some time, in ordinary weather, to fish driftingly from one end of Lough Inagh to another; but, when you have done so, the boatmen bend to their oars, row you back again, and you reel out a long line on the chance of your crossing the path of a greedy gullet. Then, as skill has nothing whatever to do with the result, you can surrender yourself without compunction to the contemplation of that nature which some people, with an odd vocabulary of their own, call inanimate. I should have thought they were the more inanimate of the two. Look! the mountains blush and blanch with deep abiding pulsations of their own. Listen! the pebbles, fingered by the fringe of the miniature billow your keel has created, give forth Orphic music, whispering intimations from the under-world and the over-world, as twilight noiselessly draws its curtain of mist around the sleepy hills, and one bright star looks out of heaven to see if it be night. Dewy and damp! damp and dewy! Homeward now on the outside car that has been patiently waiting for you. The very evening for four-year-old mountain mutton, a just quantity of the "craytur," and endless stories of how this salmon was landed and how that trout broke away! How Horace would have enjoyed it! As it is, we must make shift without him, save by apt citation, at which my travelling companion, notwithstanding thirty years of administration in India, is a good deal quicker than at hooking a seven-pounder.

The drive from Recess to Leenane

lies along the shores of Lough Inagh and the banks of the river Erriff, a fretted framework of mountains, in which the Twelve Pins form the most noticeable feature, accompanying you nearly all the way. Why do not English artists take their easels, their sketch-books, and their umbrella-tents, to Ireland? I have heard some of them complain that, though English scenery may be very "nice," and amply supply subject-matter for the poet, it is too "unpicturesque" for the painter, who must therefore perforce cross the Alps in search of what he needs. Then let the picturesque-hunting artist go to Ireland, to Galway, to Mayo, to Donegal, to Sligo, and he will find endless variety of form and attitude in the lofty and irregular hills. If he be in search of color, I think he ought to make Ireland his home. The writer is fairly familiar with Italy, and Greece and the Ægean are not unknown to him. He once passed a month at Perugia gazing at the lights and shadows in heaven and on earth, on the mountains, in the sky, on the plain, which the great Umbrian painters have tried to reproduce in the background of their altar-pieces. But the coloring on mountain crag, mountain slope, and mountain gully, on lake-shore and lake-island, on wood and plain and bog, in Ireland, in intermittent hours of sunshine, would have shown even Raphael something more, and imbued the landscape in Perugino's frescoes with yet more tenderness. It is as though all the rainbow hues of nature, that fail to find in the uniform sea and sky of the wide Atlantic a fitting and sufficiently sensitive canvas, discharged their iridescent loveliness on the mountain-brows of Connemara and the ocean-fronts of Achill. There nature works her own colors on her own palette with her own dew,—the moisture of the atmosphere renders the task so easy. Often, no doubt, she seems dissatisfied with her work, blurs all the picture with mist, or even, as it were, effaces it altogether with discontented hand. But that is only in order to perfect her conception on the mor-

row; and, meanwhile, he must have a very exclusive and intolerant vision who cannot gaze on the white veil hanging against that purple mountain without wishing that it would lift.

Go where you will, too, the music of rambling water is never out of your ears; and the tawny crests of the turfed runnels go bounding along hither and thither, untamed streams that rejoice in the pathless indiscipline of their going. I am told the Irish are not a water-loving people, either for inward or outward application. Perhaps they think meanly of water, because there is so much of it. It falls upon their thatch; it beats against their windows; it drips from their turf; it flows past their door; it splashes over their bare feet; it slashes and scourges their bellowing granite coasts; it has been known to fall for more than forty days and forty nights, yet no one dreams of building himself an ark. Hercules cleansed the stables of Augeas in a single day by turning the rivers Alpheus and Peneus through their stalls. But Augeas had but three thousand oxen, and nothing is said of pigs; and the stalls had been left uncleaned for only thirty years. How many head of cattle Ireland has, I suppose we should know by looking at "Thom's Directory." But, though it must be nearer three thousand than thirty years since Ireland was subjected to a good swilling and scrubbing, it is not, like Ellis, comparatively waterless; and it has a thousand streams as copious as Peneus and Alpheus. Let us not, however, expect the Hibernian Hercules, should he arise, to make Ireland clean in a day. Still, could not the operation be taken in hand? The days when dirt was synonymous with devotion have passed away with the Hermits of the Desert; the Roman cardinals and Monsignori are pictures and patterns of the cleanliness which is next to godliness. I trust I shall not give offence to those who, from their sacred functions, are entitled to every one's respect, if I venture to ask if it be not a little surprising to see men who are engaged in

the service of the House of God, and to whom the care of the very altar is committed, going about unshaven and uncomely, and setting their flocks an example of what they should surely be enjoined to avoid, as far as their condition and occupation will permit? Could not a privately communicated Pastoral correct this unseemly spectacle, and sow the seeds of perhaps the most needed reform in Ireland? Indeed, only two things are needed to make Ireland the most attractive country in the world: a love of cleanliness, and a love of flowers. It is distressing to see cottage after cottage, from one end of the island to the other, without a creeper against its walls, without a flower in its precincts. I made this observation to an intelligent Irish commercial traveller in the coffee-room of the hotel at Westport, where I had to make an hour and a half's halt; and he ingeniously pleaded that any indication of prosperity on the part of a tenant, which a cared-for garden enclosure would be, would only lead to an advance of rent on the part of the landlord. I pointed out that, even if this could once have happened, it cannot occur now, and has been rendered impossible for several years past. I suppose he did not like to allow that love of beauty, and the artistic sense generally, are not noticeably Irish qualities. Nor can it accurately be pleaded that the struggle for bare existence carried on by Irish peasants is so severe that they have no leisure to consider even the less costly refinements of life. Their methods of cultivation unfortunately leave only too many unoccupied hours on their hands, and they have far more time than an English or Scotch laborer to devote to the refining recreation of gardening. Another apologist for the flowerlessness of Irish peasant dwellings explained to me, triumphantly as he thought, that it would be worse than useless to attempt to grow creepers against the walls, for the cow, the pig, the donkey, and even the ducks, would make short work of them. But what are the donkey and the pig doing there?

Why is not a little space enclosed, in front of the house, into which cows and ducks enter not? Think of the labor and the cost of material. What cost, what labor? Heaven has placed the materials for stone walls all over Ireland, and they are quickly run up where oats or potatoes have to be protected against invasion. How readily the typical Irish cottage, or hut if you will, lends itself to the courteous company of flowers, any one may judge who has happened to come across a smiling exception to the surly rule of midden-heaps and duck-ponds. Driving one day from Moate to Ballycumber, I suddenly called to the driver, "Stop! stop!" There was a hut of the ordinary pattern, with rough white-washed walls, and a roof of yellow thatch. But crimson roses and golden nasturtiums were clambering up its face, and marigolds, ten-week stocks, and pansies, were in full blow in the midst of a carefully mown piece of turf enclosed by an unmortared wall. Who does not know the sensation of suddenly coming across some humble rustic home, that makes one exclaim, "Here could I live, here die!" I had that sensation on gazing on this comely dwelling. Who lived there? I asked. A retired pensioner I was told. There it is! Its owner had been drilled and disciplined. He had been taught order and seemliness, and from these the advance to some sense and love of the beautiful is easy, natural, and almost certain. As it is, the only flowers one sees near Irish cottages are wild flowers; and at the time of year in which I lately saw them, they were almost wholly ragwort and purple loosestrife. These are everywhere; in the potato drills, in the cabbage furrows, among the oats and the barley, under the walls, on the walls, and on the slope of many a roof. They have a certain accidental beauty of their own, but they are wild flowers in the wrong place, and therefore fail wholly to please. Still, dirt and desolation are less offensive in the open country than in narrow, confining streets. I shrink from dwelling on what these are in

some urban parts of Ireland, and prefer to remember that its inhabitants would probably say like Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona:"—

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented
woods,
We better brook than flourishing popu-
lous towns.

Wild flowers are plentiful in Ireland, but they are less various than in Britain, by reason, I presume, of a more uniform geological surface formation. But for garden flowers Ireland would seem to be made, both its soil and its climate singularly favoring their growth; and once again, in August, as before in May, I had more than one occasion of admiring, and almost of envying, the terraces and the flower-borders of cultivated and refined Irish homes. Every lady in Ireland seems to be an expert in the art of making and tending a garden; its cultivation there not being remitted, as too frequently happens in England, to the hired service of men who regard orchids and pineapples as the crowning triumphs of horticulture. In Ireland, to admire is to receive; and I believe I might have brought away with me all the herbaceous plants I saw, could I have carried them on my back. Efforts are being made here and there to imbue the peasantry with a love of flowers; but I did not observe many indications of success. A sense of beauty is a plant of slow growth in rudimentary bosoms.

Once in the country through which I kept driving, you cannot go wrong, if you are in quest of beautiful scenery. You may drive between Lissoughter and Derryclare, by the valley of Lough Inagh, to Kylemore, or between the Twelve Pins and the Maam Mountains, with the Atlantic in front of you, or to Letterfrack, and round to Killery Bay. But indeed the excursions that may be made are endless in number; and cars are always at hand. If I am asked, does my liking for Ireland extend to outside cars, I cannot say that it does. Irish people will tell you, if you talk of its unfriendliness, that it is "Cupid's

own conveyance!" But as the God of Love is not always the driver, and the Graces are not invariably one's companions, one has the choice of being unsociable if there happen to be two of you, by sitting one on each side of the car, or of being uncomfortable by both of you occupying the same seat. When luggage likewise has to be carried, the space left for the traveller becomes yet more limited; and, in a good prolonged downpour, it requires some ingenuity to protect yourself against a wetting. It is to be done, however, as I proved, one afternoon, when we drove to Kylemore, and it rained in that dogged universal manner that leads you to feel it is going to rain henceforward evermore. But I had faith in the fascinating caprice of Irish weather, and won my companion over to my proposal that, the rain notwithstanding, we should not return to Leenane, then our headquarters, by the same road we had already traversed, but follow a new if longer one by Letterfrack, Sal Ruck Pass, and Lough Fee. For a while I feared to be reproached for my obstinate ambition, for one could see no farther than the whalebone of one's umbrella, and I gladly accepted the suggestion that, while our horse had his mouth washed out with oatmeal-and-water, and the driver refreshed himself with something more potent, we should enter a good-sized cottage, and cheer ourselves at the turf fire we should be sure to find. There it was, sure enough, with the caldron of potatoes steaming over it, a shock-headed young boy curled up asleep on a bench close by it, and the mother and two pretty shy young daughters going about the household work. It was not their business to give us anything; but they boiled water, and gave us tea, and offered us far more than we wanted from their larder. Resuming our journey, we soon caught the sound of the sea leftward, and followed for miles the corroded and indented cliffs that confront the full shock of the Atlantic. The rain softened to intermittent showers, and then these gathered themselves up and retired into the

deeper hills, and the sun came out anew, and over little lake after little lake ran the wind, gleaming and glittering. At the head of Killery Bay, which is ten miles in length, and which, when the tide is not running in, looks rather a wandering and widening river than an arm of the sea, are the hamlet of Leenane and Mr. McKeown's hotel, than which no English inn could be managed in a more business-like manner. Not having notified him beforehand of our coming, I had to put up with a bedroom of somewhat narrow dimensions; but I was speedily reconciled to it by the characteristically optimistic observation of the housemaid, "Sure, you'll be nearer to your things." Even in parts where the tourist is now beginning to penetrate, the native humors of the land still linger. One morning, while at Leenane, I went fishing for two or three hours in the river Monterone, which, if given its full quota of syllables, sounds as though one were in Italy; and, curiously enough, Delphi is hard by. On returning from the expedition, I asked the waiter what I should give the youngster who had accompanied me. "Eighteenpence" was his answer, "Give him two shillings," I said. He returned directly, saying, "Please, sir, it's half-a-crown." I dare say some people would attribute this odd trait to an extortionate spirit. I interpret it quite differently. The Irish temperament dislikes accuracy, and at the same time wishes to please. He imagined he would please me by naming the smaller sum, and then that he would please the boy by naming the larger one, though he might just as well have done this at first. But he and his kin prefer a round-about road to a straight one. It is more entertaining, and fills up more time. Do not the roads in Ireland travel circuitously, in order to go round the bog-land, and the minds of its people journey in much the same fashion. I have sometimes thought they look on inaccuracy as a form of politeness, and would regard it as English rudeness and dogmatism to pin you down at once to a precise

fact. When, a few days later, on going from Achill Sound to Dugort, I asked the boy who was driving me what age he was, he answered, "Fifteen or sixteen," courteously leaving me a latitude of choice. I remember, too, that when, at Recess, I wanted, for my own arbitrary preference, to alter an arrangement in regard to the fishing that had been made for us overnight, and was feeling my way as to whether I was face to face with a law of the Medes and Persians, receiving the answer, "Sure, *you* must be pleased," first. That seems to me to be the sentiment that animates every one in Ireland. Is it not conceivable that we impregnate the air of the place where we live with our own characteristics, our virtues, defects, and foibles? That would explain why Irish scenery and the Irish atmosphere feel so kindly. They are inhabited by an amiable people.

Grouse-shooting, that used not to begin in Ireland till the 20th of August, now commences, as in England and Scotland, on the 12th; and so, at Westport, I lost my travelling companion, and went on to Achill alone. The day, a goodly portion of which had been spent in driving leisurely from Leenane to Westport, had been one of exquisite beauty; but as I drew nearer, towards sundown, to the island of which I had heard so much, a melancholy mist began to suffuse, without hiding, sea, shore, and mountain-ranges. Diminutive island after diminutive island bulged out of the ocean like green amphibious megalosauri, half embedded in the sand and mud, half indolently inhaling the moisture of the air. Stone walls, white huts, and potato-patches, illumined by the ubiquitous yellow ragwort, looked drearier than ever in the gloom of the dripping gloaming; and, gazing out on the formless and pastureless expanse of inextricably blended mountain and main, one felt that here at last was *Ultima Thule*, the very end of the desolate boundary of things.

At Achill Sound one quits the railway, and approaches the island across

the iron bridge which spans the narrow creek that here separates Achill from the mainland, another of the boons conferred on this part of Ireland during Mr. Balfour's chief secretaryship. I was bound for Dugort, some nine miles distant, to the north of the island, and was vigorously competed for by the driver of a long car belonging to Mr. Sheridan of the Slievemore Hotel, and by a young boy—the same who declared himself to be fifteen or sixteen—with an outside car belonging to Mr. Sheridan, a brother of the former, of the Sea View Hotel; and, as the youngster offered to take me and my luggage for the same fare I should have paid on the long car, I closed with his offer, and away we went. He was driving a mare only three years old; but by dint of incessant "Git an, out o' that!" he managed to get her over the ground, though I should think the nine miles were made twelve by the serpentine nature of her progress. How it rained! But I got to Dugort with a dry skin an hour before the long car, whose passengers, I afterwards heard, had been less fortunate. The Celt always perfers the more sonorous word, and therefore the two little inns at Dugort are hotels. But at the one where I descended I met with an inn-warm welcome, and discovered the next morning that various little offices had been performed for me, on my arrival, by a comely looking girl who had no call to see to my wants, since she was the nursemaid of some guests who had arrived the day previously, but to whom it seemed perfectly natural, at my request, to lend a hand to my better comfort. On my apologizing for my mistake, she only said, "Sure, I'd only be too pleased to do anything for you." She afterwards told me she came from Ballina—pronounced Ballinà—which I had at one time hoped to see in the course of my visit, for, as she said, and indeed I had already heard, it is charmingly placed on the river Moy, three miles above Killalà Bay, and affords first-rate fishing. The last thing I heard at Dugort, when I drove away, was from this obliging handmaiden, as,

dandling in her arms the youngest of her charges, she made the morning musical with the speeding words, "Come to Ballinà!"

There was a broken pane, provisionally mended with brown paper, in my bedroom, and the rain slashed it all night long, without, however, penetrating farther. But the room was spacious, the bed perfectly clean—perhaps the floor was not equally so—and, by sunrise, the storm had blown and beaten itself out, and day broke and broadened with the clearness and brightness of Irish eyes. I have never had better fare, of the simple sort, than at Dugort; and London epicures now know no such mutton as was served me both there, at Achill Sound, and at Westport. Mrs. Sheridan was in Dublin, invalidated for the moment; and the cooking was done by her daughter, a girl in her sixteenth year, and everything she did, she did carefully and to perfection. So much for my experience of the alleged happy-go-lucky slovenliness of Irish inns, in one of the most primitive parts of the country. Nor was I less agreeably surprised by the aspect of its inhabitants and its fields. It is true that everybody said the crops were the best know for fifteen years; but the present condition of the people is necessarily the result of many by-gone seasons, and I saw no traces of destitution during my brief sojourn on the island. It is only twenty miles in its widest part; and I both drove and walked over much of it. The morning after my arrival I went to Keem Bay, and met hundreds of men, women, and children on their way to mass. The chapels are not in the villages, but at some solitary spot equidistant from a certain number of these, and at a convenient distance from them all. All the people I met were well dressed; some were on horseback, a man and his wife or daughter riding pillion-fashion, and some being conveyed on private cars. I talked with an old fellow who had been, he said, twenty-seven years with Captain Boycott, when the latter lived in Achill; and he still chuckled over his recollections of the actions for trespass

—"many's the law I've seen," was his way of putting it—at the Westport Assizes, and over the manner in which he got the better of the great lawyers when giving his evidence. He bore spontaneous testimony to the material improvement that has taken place in the condition of the people in his time; and, like many another of his class that I talked with in the course of my visit, whose testimony, however, would be more valuable but for their racial wish to be agreeable to the person they happen to be with, he averred that people no longer want Home Rule—one woman called it "that dirty thing, Home Rule"—and that until lately they had "not quite understood it." "What 'ud we do without England?" he said. "Sure the English I've seen are as good as the Irish—and better." He had been called on to pay half-a-crown "cess," in consequence of the shocking and yet remembered outrage in the island; which he recognized as perfectly just, but felt to be a most unwelcome tax. Every now and then there waxed and waned a silvery shower, from which we took efficient shelter under some overhanging rock along the mountainous coast foot-track; and then the ocean laughed into dimples again, running up to suddenly seen creeks and bays of yellow sand, and weltering more austere round remoter islands—Innisturk, Innisboffin, Ben Mullet, and many a nameless ait and promontory. Well could I believe that somewhere among them, though now by enchantment rendered invisible to the eye of man, is the beautiful island, flowing with milk and honey, where Saint Brendan and his companions dwelt happily for seven years, and which will yet again some day surge above the waves.

A more perfect place of holiday resort than Dugort it would not be possible to imagine. There are firm yellow sands, where children may make their mimic dykes and fortresses; mountains of moderate height, Slieve Crooghaun twenty-five hundred feet, Slievemore of only twenty-two hundred, for the young and vigorous to

ascend; easy hill foot-tracks for the weaker brethren; fishing either in smooth or in rolling water for those who love the indolent rocking or the rough rise and fall of the sea; precipitous and fretted cliffs carved with the likeness of some time-eaten Gothic fane by the architectonic ocean; rides, drives, and walks, amid the finest scenery of the kingdom. "I think she prefers Brighton," said a stranger to me of his companion; and if one prefers Brighton, one knows where to go. But if nature, now majestically serene, now fierce and passionate, be more to you than bicyclettes and German bands, you can nowhere be better than at Achill, and starting from London you can be there in less than twenty-four hours. If you elect to sleep in Dublin, two easy journeys in full daylight will take you there. On the morning of the day I with reluctance quitted it, I went out with my landlord and two fishermen to the caves of the Seals, letting out, as we glided silently over the water, a long line baited only with a hook and a feather, and ever and again dragging in a pollock. It was with difficulty I could persuade myself I was not in the *Ægean*. Nowhere else have I seen atmosphere, sea, promontories, and islands, so like the natural framework of the *Odyssey*.

"There's a seal!" I exclaimed, but was quickly corrected by one of the rowers. "No, that's a muckmorrhough," a word that was new to me, but which meant a porpoise—*muck* in Celtic signifying a pig. Thereupon one remembered that "*running amock*" means charging like a wild-boar, after a Hindostanee word for that animal; and one pondered on the kinship of language in the two far-apart extremities of Britain's imposing empire. A moment later we saw seal upon seal, surging, diving, and disporting in the water, while puffins, grebes, and the larger and smaller gull revelled in their unchallenged dominion of shimmering sea and spacious air.¹

¹ In a letter I have since received from Mr. Sheridan, dated September 23, he says there had been a great influx of visitors during the preceding

It is easier to write of a country when you are moving from inn to inn, than when you are the guest of private hospitality. But one of the charms of Ireland is the heartiness of the welcome extended to one, not only by relatives and friends, but by others to whom, before one's visit, you were almost a stranger. I hope we are not inhospitable in England; but our hospitality is, as a rule, and perhaps by virtue of the very conditions under which we conduct our lives, measured and formal. From "Saturday to Monday," or from "Friday to Monday," has become an English country-house institution. There are no days in the week for coming or going in Irish country-houses. Their denizens are most eager to welcome the arriving, most loth to speed the parting guest. Indeed, I should be disposed to say, "Do not go to an Irish country-house if you are likely to be in any hurry to leave it;" and you will never be made to feel that you have stayed too long. In Ireland, to have is to give, and hospitality there consists in making you free, not only of all that your hosts possess, but of their time, their thoughts, their interests. You are made, in no conventional sense, thoroughly at home by people who have all the refinement, all the travelled experience, and perhaps something more than all the intelligence, of English folk. Their interests seem somewhat more elevated and less personal. I was driven to such reflections last year, when visiting on the Blackwater, and in Queen's County. They were forced on me afresh this year, when staying near Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. What is so pleasing is to find persons who, not long ago, experienced cruel and ungrateful treatment from a peasantry inflamed against them by

days, the weather having been very fine, and he pleads for State assistance for the construction of a pier at Dugort. It would perhaps be more to the purpose, and likewise more within the purview of State help, to encourage the construction of a light railway from Achill Sound to Dugort, whereby the catchers of fish on the northern and western coasts of the island would be brought into more rapid communication with its consumers.

malevolent agitators, and who now find their incomes materially reduced by English legislation, expressing themselves in no harsh language concerning either, and cherishing towards the former the most intelligent indulgence and the tenderest sympathy. I was glad, too, to find landowners, while prepared for legislative proposals that will probably leave them the owners only of house and demesne, harboring no intention, in that event, of ceasing to live in Ireland for the greater part of the year. Any economic or agrarian legislation that deprived Ireland of the softening and civilizing influence exerted by such persons would be to inflict on it the direst of injuries. It is difficult enough already to induce any save those who are rich enough to use the island as an occasional happy hunting-ground, or those who are too poor to shift their tent at all, to give it the benefit of their presence and their expenditure. When I speak to my friends of the natural charm of Ireland, I am reminded of the difficulties that there attend the education of children, of the necessity of sending boys to English schools and English universities, and of the expense and inconvenience of despatching them backward and forward at vacation and term time. This is one of the considerations, for there are others, that must, I fear, continue to deter cultivated persons of moderate means from living in Ireland, notwithstanding the many attractions it presents. But for the holiday-maker and the tourist, Ireland is already almost an ideal country, and will be absolutely such when the various new hotels, now in process of construction, are open.

No one need wish, and certainly I do not, that Ireland should be made a feeble and ineffectual copy of Great Britain. *Opposuit Natura*. It is, and always must remain, an agricultural country. I do not know that it requires alteration in more than one or two respects. I have already pleaded for cottage-gardens, and a more copious use of water.¹ One would like to see

Separatist agitation disappear, and it is at this moment beginning to subside, for lack both of audiences and of subject-matter. It is for English statesmen to see that the latter vanishes altogether. No one can read the history of the economic relations of Great Britain with Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, without feeling, if he has any sense of justice, that reparation is due to Ireland for the monstrous commercial fetters in which it was then for so long a period bound; and any assistance wisely and discriminately given to Ireland for the purpose of stimulating material amelioration will be neither a bribe nor a dole, but the restoration of something owing. Nor can it be other than a reproach to British statesmanship that there should not exist a reasonably friendly understanding between the imperial government and the priesthood of an eminently Conservative Church. An incident was related to me, while I was in Ireland, by a connection of my own who was out with his battery of Horse Artillery during the Manœuvres held by Lord Wolseley in Queen's County as commander-in-chief in Ireland, on the eve of his leaving it for a yet higher post. He had lost a pair of valuable field-glasses, on which was no name, having, in the course of the day's exercises, stupidly left them on the top of a wall. "Go and ask the priest," some one said to him, "and you will probably get them back." He followed the advice, and was at once told that Widow So-and-so—I forget her name—had found them, and would give them to him on personal application. She had taken them to the priest, who, I suppose, had told her she must hand them to the owner, if he could be found, and that in default of such discovery she might keep them. What sagacious statesman, indeed what man of sense, would

ments are one of the indications of the character and habits of a nation. I noticed in the Irish railway-stations, repeated advertisements of whiskey, saddlery, and everything appertaining to horse-flesh, but rarely, if ever, those panegyrics of rival soaps that meet the eye so frequently in England.

¹ It has been observed with truth that advertise-

quarrel more than he could help with so valuable an intermediary?

Irish ideas are not always the same as English ideas. But in so far as they do not conflict with the moral law, or with the fundamental constitution of the realm, they surely are deserving of consideration—in Ireland. On the excuse being offered for a tailor who had made a badly fitting suit of clothes, that the customer in question was a very curiously built man, the answer came swift and sharp, "Sure, he should have followed him wheriver he wint." Irish ideas may seem to some of us curious—Englishmen have rather the habit of regarding all ideas other than their own as curious. But, since we have to fit Ireland with what is necessary for it, is not that a reason why we should take extra pains in the performance of the duty?

I had to leave on the eve of the great Dublin Horse Show. But I saw a Horse Show at a little place called Moate, which however once gave a night's shelter to Cromwell, at which I was greatly impressed not only by the leppin—Anglice, jumping—but by the quality of the animals, the horsemanship of the riders, and the extraordinary interest and enthusiasm displayed by the company, which consisted for the most part of gosssoons, sitting in their hundreds on a stone wall that girt the enclosure, and giving forth a Celtic yell as the horses shirked, cleared, or missed their jump. There was one handsome and likely looking mare that, no doubt from want of due preparation for this particular kind of trial, was among those who elected the first course. Her name was Dairy-maid; and I overheard the observation behind me, "Dairymaid, is it? Ah, well! she'd better go home and make bootter. She's no good here." In Ireland, every one can ride, and every horse can go. What a Reserve of Light Cavalry Ireland might furnish us, and, I trust, some day not far off will, when all Irishmen know and recognize what is for their peace. In England young colts at grass are nearly always out in smooth pastures. In Ireland they are

among rocks, and stones, and broken and sloping ground, and thus acquire a better use of their legs betimes. Possibly the lime in the subsoil is good for their bones; and assuredly the soft moist climate is all in their favor. Irish horses have better tempers, and therefore better manners, than English horses, in consequence no doubt of the gentler and more patient treatment they receive. But as one who knows them well reminds me, "When they are bad-tempered, they are the——"

In an old-world garden in Westmeath, tended by wise and happy old-world folk, I was admiring an *Osmunda regalis* that seemed to me of amazing dimensions, and was told of the Irish princess who once escaped her pursuers by hiding under one of these spacious and graceful ferns. Is she not crouching there still, fearing to come forth? And will she not now leave her emerald lurking-place, and bring with her the crowning virtues of loyalty, moral courage, and truth?

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From The Nineteenth Century.
GREAT BRITAIN, VENEZUELA, AND THE
UNITED STATES.

The future of the South American continent in general, and the final settlement of the Venezuelan boundary dispute in particular, are of themselves matters of small importance to Great Britain, except in so far as they might lead to complications with the United States.

Many persons have drawn pictures of the future in which the great English-speaking world of commerce turned to rend itself, and was finally consumed in the smoke of Anglo-Saxon battles. If this calamity should ever befall, it may be predicted with certainty that it will be brought about, not by the policy and intrigue of governments, but by mutual popular misunderstanding of attitude and prejudice. Although the time for the discussion of a possible war is, happily, far distant, still, the differences of

opinion of England and the States with regard to South America and our Venezuelan boundary have lately been so largely discussed that some final settlement of the controversy ought to be arrived at before national prejudices are strongly stirred up.

The question is an old one, and the history of our dispute with Venezuela, from the British point of view, has so many times appeared in the press that I feel that some apology is due for again unearthing the details. The boundary dispute, however, will serve the purpose of this article in bringing out for the inspection of the public the attitude of the United States and Great Britain with regard to South America generally.

In 1797 Great Britain took the territory of Guiana from the Dutch, and, finding that no very definite limits had been set between them and their Spanish neighbors, proceeded to demark a rough boundary-line following as closely as possible the extreme limit of the borders of their predecessors.

The frontier-lines of the eighteenth century had been necessarily of the vaguest character, for they ran through great wastes of untravelled forest land, and the Spaniards, at least, do not seem to have been anxious to guard against a certain amount of encroachment on the part of the Dutch.

The latter, however, had been more on the alert, and had not only spread into the Venezuelan colony, but had from time to time obtained an unwilling concession to a part of the Cuyuni River, and a general extension of their influence to the north of the Essequibo.

The English on their arrival ran their boundary-lines inland from Point Barima, claiming that they only wished to rule over Dutch territory, and that they believed this to be the frontier of the country which they had taken by right of conquest.

For the next forty years Great Britain continued to exercise jurisdiction over the whole of their colony, and paid those subsidies promised to the Indians by their Dutch predecessors.

On the declaration of Venezuelan independence it was felt that some arrangement might be arrived at more satisfactory to both parties, and a discussion arose with a view to the settlement of a more definite and fully surveyed frontier.

This was natural. The republic, flushed with success, and eager for liberty of action, felt that an absolute line must be drawn between its own citizenship and the colony of even the mildest of monarchies. An extreme boundary, that might have seemed of small importance to a colonial governor of Spain, was of far greater moment to the young country.

Great Britain opened the negotiations by laying down the claim which she had inherited from the Dutch in 1797, but declared that, in the interests of peace, she would be willing to withdraw her right to some miles of waste ground on certain conditions.

Evil days fell upon Venezuela; her attention was turned towards more pressing affairs at home, and the British and their worthless forests were forgotten, whilst England maintained her peace and held her rule in undisturbed tranquillity.

The northern half of the English colony of Honduras is marked as Mexican on the official maps of that country; the western part is claimed by Guatemala; but the country in dispute is worthless and almost uninhabited, and the difficulty of its capture would outweigh the pride of possession.

Thus it was with the Cuyuni until the discovery of gold in 1850.

The Monroe doctrine had already been declared; but the fact that it distinctly recognized existing monarchical colonies did not deter the Venezuelans from attempting to do violence to British subjects in thinly populated districts, in the hope that they might ultimately drive them from their new-found wealth.

The English government, in view of the increased value of their territory, ordered a small force to the gold-mining districts for the protection of British subjects, and demanded of

Venezuela a recognition of their boundary rights as they stood until such time as a more full survey of the country should have been made by both governments and a final and definite frontier decided upon. Venezuela answered by reciting the Papal Bull of the sixteenth century, which divided the New World amongst the Catholic countries of Spain and Portugal, and, descending to details, formally laid claim to all lands to the north of the Essequibo—about one-half of the British colony. At this juncture the United States stepped in with a suggestion of arbitration, and England, still anxious for a friendly settlement, agreed, on condition that the matter under discussion should relate solely to that tract of country which might fairly be said to be in dispute, but refused to discuss the absurd claims of Venezuela, pointing out that for these no basis of arbitration could be arrived at. And thus the matter rests. The English have on several occasions offered to withdraw from the extreme frontiers which they have so long guarded. The Venezuelans, on the other hand, have demanded a complete evacuation of a country which was never before claimed as Spanish. The difference of opinion is remarkable; and, as the explanation seems to me to lie in the political state of Venezuela itself, it may be well to briefly follow the tide of events which has brought that republic to its present condition.

The average Englishman knows far too little about the general state of these South American countries. There is an idea abroad that they are a prey to violent political eruptions; but most people disregard these outbreaks as a kind of play warfare. Venezuela is, without doubt, one of the most advanced of the more northerly republics, but its history during the last few years is instructive as typical of the continent, and as showing what kind of a government and people we have to deal with in the boundary dispute.

From 1829 to 1869 Venezuela passed through a long-drawn convulsion of

military despotism and civil war, which continued until the commencement of the presidency of Guzman Blanco in the latter year. For twenty years this remarkable man held the republic in the hollow of his hand, and, either as the head of a military government, as constitutional president, or as minister to France, dictated the policy of the country as an absolute monarch. During his absence in France he filled the presidential chair with his creatures; and so great was his personal force of character and prescience of events that, though absent and apparently powerless, he not only continued to be the "power behind the throne" in all matters of legislation and policy, but forced his constitutionally elected superiors to remit to him vast sums from the national revenue.

It is certain that he greatly improved his country, which, under a weaker or less unscrupulous rule, would constantly have been harassed by revolution. He suppressed the grinding power of the Church and developed commerce and industry, but by every advance of Venezuela his own coffers were filled, while he himself remained for the most part safe on the boulevards of Paris.

His government was an absolute military dictatorship, carried on with a power and energy that became nothing short of miraculous when one remembers the jealous temper of the people and the fact that his government constantly professed the inspiring principles of American republicanism.

At last his rule became intolerable. However much he might have done for his country, it was felt that it was beneath the dignity of a republic that the actions of its president should be dictated by its minister to France, who at the same time robbed and extorted as though actually and nominally in power.

In 1889 the signal for revolt was given by the students of the University of Caracas. The capital was filled with statues of the dictator, and on these was vented the wrath of the mob. To

the offender himself no harm could be done, for he was sipping his coffee in the *Café de la Paix*, far from the reach of a Venezuelan mob.

The nominal president, Dr. Rojas Paúl, was a wise man. The dictator had placed him in the presidential chair as a figure-head. But the revolution relieved him of the control of the money-grubbing Blanco, and endowed him at a stroke with full and constitutional political independence. He, of course, would be the last man to revenge the insults offered to the laudatory tablets of the absent ruler.

The revolution had been a bloodless one; in fact, so far as the outside world was concerned, there had never been any revolution at all. The president, who signed the papers of state, still remained in his place, and all that the innocent observer would have noticed was the removal from the Cabinet of several of those who were known to have been partisans of Blanco in the past.

In due course Dr. Rojas Paúl's term of office expired, and he brought forward a member of his Cabinet, one Anduesa Palacio, as candidate for the presidency; and so completely was the old dictatorial party dispersed that he was duly elected.

When Blanco resigned his ministry to France a successor was promptly appointed, and from this time onward the "power behind the throne" was dead in Venezuelan politics.

The election of Palacio may have been a constitutional advantage; certainly it was no national gain, for his administration combined all the corrupt practices of its predecessor with a want of progressiveness very hurtful to an undeveloped country.

General Crespo now appeared on the scene. He had been one of the nominal presidents under Guzman, and, disgusted with the corruption and uselessness of Palacio's administration, he advanced into the territory of Venezuela with a following of seven men, determined to overthrow the existing government and install himself as president.

As he went on his little host gradually grew, until he had succeeded in drawing into his following most of the more wealthy and aristocratic inhabitants of the country. This meant money and consequent victory, which, however, was not obtained without a hard-fought struggle. Once in power, Crespo began to irritate his aristocratic adherents by the loosening of his political beliefs and by a policy far removed from the conservative inclinations of his wealthy supporters.

I doubt whether it is generally understood in England to what an extent aristocratic principles prevail in the free and independent republics of the South. Whatever Crespo's policy might have been, and however much the upper classes might respect his position as constitutional head of the State, no power could have induced the wealthy Venezuelans to admit one who owns to a tithe of negro blood into their social gatherings and assemblies.

The young Venezuelan is what is termed in the United States an "anglo-maniac." He speaks English with fluency, and in his manner of life and habit of sport follows as closely as possible the example of the sporting leaders whom he has made it his business to study in his visits to England.

He is not necessarily very highly cultivated, but certainly he is as far removed as a studious copy of European manners can carry him from the dark-browed desperado one might be inclined to imagine as the inhabitant of a State so utterly corrupt in its politics and so given to civil violence. The difference between the violent warfare and bloodshed of the government and the peaceful and refined social life of the aristocracy is as remarkable as are the curious contrasts to be met with in the streets of the capital.

Caracas has all the appurtenances of a cultivated and highly civilized city; the streets are of asphalt; tram-lines pierce the suburbs in every direction; cab-ranks are to be met with in all the principal thoroughfares; the private houses are models of luxury and ele-

gance; magnificent squares, illuminated with electric light, decorated with equestrian statues, and flanked by fine public buildings, beautify the city. Outwardly all bears the impress of a European refinement, enhanced by the advantages of an almost perfect climate. And yet one of the chief sights of interest in the city is the church tower, in which the last of the supporters of the constitutional government of Palacio were smothered with the smoke of burning sulphur!

In the conversations at the clubs of the town the same contrasts prevail. Frock-coated young men, showing in marked contrast with their sandal-footed inferiors, will turn from the discussion of a run with the Pytchley to tell one how their digestions have been ruined by the hardships of civil war, or how such a one led a charge against the owner of the mansion on the far side of the street. To them nothing seems incongruous. Political power and the honors of office mean the opportunity to pilfer the public treasure and ruin the commerce of their country by breaking contracts and infringing on the rights of foreigners.

Such, then, is the Venezuela of to-day, and such it will remain as long as the present system of republican government continues. Socially—a moral and refined aristocracy supported by a penniless but contented half-breed population. Politically—a mass of violence, fraud, and corruption; utterly untrustworthy in its promises both to individuals and nations, and liable at any moment to overthrow such promises when a new government arises by force of arms antagonistic to the political creeds of its predecessor. It is with such a country that we have to deal.

I do not think that it falls within the province of any writer on this subject to enter into the rights and wrongs of the case of the *extreme* limit of the British boundary. On the English side no official documents have been published, and although it will be immediately seen by such a tribunal that many of the arguments and claims of

Venezuela are manifestly absurd, still the question of final settlement must ultimately rest with a specially appointed commission, who will be able to judge of the merits of many arguments which, on the British side at least, have never been advanced.

Although the boundary question is individually of comparatively small importance to England, it is for many reasons a matter of great moment to the nation which it most closely affects. We have seen that the country claimed by Venezuela is rich in precious metals, and to a government who fill their own coffers with public money any increase in the natural wealth of their country is of great personal importance.

Caracas may, for all intents and purposes, be said to be Venezuela. The government is very centralized, and changes of policy can, in the nature of things, do but little to rouse the half-breed population of the vast forests and plains of the far interior.

To the centralized government at Caracas the boundary question is practically one of foreign policy.

The home politics of the country are notoriously unjust and corrupt. Contracts, both with foreigners and natives, are not worth the paper of their deeds; and from time to time the injured populace show a marked dislike to their ruin, and a strong feeling for home reform breaks out in the city.

Through all time a foreign war, or at least a great national dispute, has been the refuge of a shaky government. Such a dispute it was the interest of Venezuela to keep constantly at hand.

If England and Venezuela were the only parties concerned, this practice of continual bickering for the sake of public distraction would long ago have been given up. England, as I have shown, has never made any objection to a reasonable arbitration, and many years ago all possibility of the revival of this dispute would have been at an end. But, by juggling with the friendly phrases of the United States and with the formula of the little-understood Monroe doctrine, popular excitement has been well sustained.

It may be doubted whether the majority of presidents who place their reliance on this doctrine understood its full meaning; but certainly it has been of incalculable service to them, both for their own consolation and for the effect which its declaration has upon the untutored multitude over whom they rule. In Central America, at all events before the settlement of the Nicaraguan dispute, the policies of rulers were founded upon a distinct though unconscious distortion of its meaning. In all personal and individual matters connected with Englishmen and citizens of the United States it was believed that no insults or wrongs would be avenged. The common saying of the country was: "England is powerless to help her subjects through fear of America. America herself will never avenge."

But no excuse of misunderstanding can be found for the government of Venezuela, and its distortion and explanation of the doctrine are done unconsciously; not for the sake of imposing upon England, but as a bait to rouse the popular fury of its own people and keep alive that feeling of foreign hatred so necessary to cloak the actions of the home government.

From time to time verbal reports of the doings of the United States Congress are scattered abroad in the streets of Caracas. These documents, which purport to be the latest news of the friendly speeches of the American government, are for the most part undated, and I have myself seen verbatim reports of a session of Congress two years old handed round to the peasantry as up to date and of the last importance.

Last winter Venezuela, disregarding all international courtesy, dismissed the ministers of certain foreign powers at a moment's notice. The action was apparently a popular one. Some two weeks later the White Squadron of the United States fleet arrived at La Guaira, and the admiral and staff paid a formal visit to the president at the capital. The itinerary of the fleet had been made out months before any

trouble between Venezuela and these continental powers had been dreamed of; but the inspired press of Caracas magnified their coming into an expression of protection, and it was even hinted that the war ships had been cleared for action, and had already taken up suitable positions for the defence of the harbor.

It is obvious to the merest onlooker that the Monroe doctrine does not justify these assumptions on the part of any Southern government; but for the purpose of making this the more clearly understood it may be worth while to recite very briefly the cause, origin, and historical use of this much-discussed American policy.

About the year 1823 the Spanish colonies were struggling for independence, and it was feared that some alliance with another European nation might enable Spain to subdue them. President Monroe therefore sent a message to Congress, in which he declared that it was contrary to the policy of the United States to allow any European power "to extend their system to any part of this hemisphere." The States were still filled with that feeling of hatred and mistrust of monarchies which had led their peasantry to drive the English soldiers, writhing under their fire, down the roads of New England. Their own territorial boundaries were not clearly defined, or, at least, were capable of greater expansion; and doubtless they thought that by surrounding themselves on their southern border with free republics they would, at least for a time, stave off European encroachments.

Not long after the doctrine was proclaimed, the Spanish-American States tried to turn it to their advantage by inviting the United States to send delegates to a congress at Panama. They announced that they were anxious to place themselves under the leadership of the Great Republic for common counsel and for the promotion of mutual security and independence.

The second Adams sent a message to

Congress, showing the advantages of inter-republican action for the establishment of Liberal principles of commercial intercourse, and added that the Panama Congress would probably adopt the Monroe doctrine as an agreement that each country must guard its own territory from European conquest.

This, then, was Adams's idea of the Monroe doctrine, propounded within a few years of its adoption by one who had been instrumental in its making, and seemed to show that he did not think it incumbent on the United States to protect South America from Europe, and, in fact, that he regarded the Monroe doctrine as a trading measure.

The United States Senate, however, did not favor this view of the case, and the discussion was so prolonged that the American commissioners did not arrive at Panama until the convention was over. This was the first attempt to test the doctrine.

The Pan-American Congress of 1889 discussed commercial union, rapid transit, banking, coinage, and such like in the Western hemisphere. And the suggestion of a system of reciprocity was the first practical attempt to substitute a basis of mutual advantage and commercial union for the high-sounding phrases of the early days of Monroe.

Thus it will be seen that the original use of the doctrine to protect the possibly extended boundaries of an enlarged America had become in a sense obsolete, and that, though still retaining its position as guardian of the New World's liberties, America continued to turn its friendship to its neighbors to a good account by entering into trade conventions and demanding a redistribution of customs duties against its exports in return for the market which it opened to the southern republics.

The Monroe doctrine is a perfectly fair expression of the natural feeling of the country. The United States has always been courteous in bringing it forward, and the behavior of their government contrasts very favorably with the outrageous nonsense talked

by their press and by some of their politicians.

The Venezuelan government has used the name of Monroe to cloak its own home actions, and many of the minor rulers of the United States have adopted the same tactics as the Southern governments, and have, in an exactly similar manner, played with a half-understood theory to promote a popular hatred of England. By doing so they have secured the powerful Irish vote, and turned the attention of their constituents from their own more petty and civic pilferings.

I do not mean to say that every political speaker who has inveighed against what is called the English encroachment in Venezuela has been actuated by these sordid motives, but I do maintain that the very general hostility of speeches and writings on the subject not only shows a marked degree of misunderstanding of English policy, but a general and irresponsible license to attack foreign powers without rebuke. Such public men as Senator Lodge and Governor Campbell have made the most violent attacks on England.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that, from the English point of view, Great Britain has never attempted to encroach upon Venezuela. If she has done so, when the demands of Venezuela become reasonable enough to allow of a boundary commission, she will withdraw. But until such time arrives it may be granted that we have not encroached. Senator Lodge, however, has told America that "the supremacy of the Monroe doctrine should be established at once, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

If it were generally accepted that we had set the pet idea of American diplomacy at defiance, this utterance would have been warrantable; but even these stirring words are as nothing when compared with the outcry of the copy-hunting section of the press.

The American press is perhaps the most daring in the world, for hardly a month passes without some great New

York journal declaring war against some unoffending nation. We will suppose that some slight misunderstanding arises, or that a too zealous officer arrests a kodaking American on the German frontier. Within twenty-four hours the thing has become a studied insult to the free and independent American nation, and the newspaper declaration of imminent war follows in due course; for the next three days the columns are filled with abuse of some government official, or with articles on the equipment and hurried finishing of the latest model of naval architecture; and then, with mutterings and growlings of space-filling hatred, the trouble subsides.

All this has served two purposes. It has provided matter for the debauched mind of a lie-worn people—for, be it remembered, the theme is a good one to work on—and it has turned popular attention from the tangle of a thriving civic tyranny.

Of course this style of sensational journalism tends to defeat itself by constant repetition, and by the craving for new complications brought on by its own methods, so that articles that in the least measured of English newspapers would attract attention by their very violence are passed over as usual and commonplace. Still, the seed that they sow takes root in the minds of their readers. The Americans are, above all, a newspaper-reading nation. To the average man, what is to be found in a newspaper on the position of nations is true. The American has been deceived so frequently that he has become more than usually sceptical of news; but still, he has personally neither the inclination, the time, nor the means of finding out the exact state of current events. If all the journals of a country combine to publish a certain statement on a given day, the average man can only submit and believe. Thus it is with the great and powerful American public.

It is not only against Great Britain, in the Venezuelan complication, that these threatenings have been poured forth. Every European nation has had

its equal share of abuse, and the press has done all that so powerful a force can do to rouse the hatred of the American citizen against the older countries of the world.

It is this anti-European attitude of the jingo party in the United States that makes the dispute with Venezuela more than a mere question of boundary, and we are confronted by the far larger question of the responsibility of the United States in regard to the future of the whole of the South American continent.

The question of the Venezuelan boundary is only important to the world in so far as it points out, and will in the future show more clearly still, what is and what will be the attitude of the United States in regard to these corrupt sister-republics.

America, as we have seen, in the first flush of a new and overpowering sense of liberty and national existence extended to her neighbors a helping hand towards the attainment of an equal freedom; and in doing this was not only actuated by those unselfish motives, but was urged on by an uncertainty as to the future greatness of her own territorial possessions, and a fear of again coming into contact with a monarchical system as a hostile neighbor.

But now that all thought of a European conquest (or at least an English conquest) of the southern continent has passed away, the United States has not the right to throw upon the world these children whom she has in a measure reared up.

The strength of American influence in these southern States is more real than apparent. The great republic has allowed them to squabble amongst themselves and do violence to one another, until the thought of their reliance on their parent in freedom has in a measure passed from their minds, only to be revived on a sudden in time of conflict or controversy with some great European nation on whose horns they may have stepped.

The state of South and Central America is a disgrace to civilization.

There we have some of the richest and, agriculturally, most valuable lands on the face of the globe, only waiting to be developed for the good of mankind till such time as their government be stable enough to allow capitalists to invest without danger of losing all through the play of the party differences of an unsettled country. Even as it is, European and American money has poured into investments in these regions. Maritime Europe has taken possession of their import markets; England, Germany, and France have opened rapid steamship communication with their coasts. The trading instincts of the Old World have led them to study the requirements of the country. The superiority of English packing and shipment and the regular and punctual attendance to orders have vastly increased British trade; whilst the slipshod and grinding habit of the American trader, combined with the absence of American shipping, has done much to destroy the southern commerce of that country. La Guaira, the port of Venezuela, may be said to be the only important port in Central or Southern America in which the number of the vessels of the great northern neighbor can compete with the tonnage of far distant Europe.

Commercially, then, as distinct from politically, the European interests predominate. Some one must guard this mass of capital from the childish tricks of irresponsible revolutionists. In her speeches and actions the United States shows an inclination to protect these countries; but she must do more than this—she must protect herself and Europe from their corrupt practices. She must give up her ideal of a new world of friendly commonwealths, united in the cause of liberty, and ready to protect one another from the supposed assaults of the degenerate monarchical countries of Europe.

For practice has shown that the reality has made her directly responsible for the greatest and most unjust tyrannies on earth.

H. SOMERS SOMERSET.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE SULTAN AND HIS HAREM.

Among the many Oriental questions which attracted me during a recent visit to Constantinople, none struck me more than that of the position of the sultan, concerning which most Englishmen, even those who have lived long in Turkey, are curiously ignorant.

In the following pages I propose to endeavor to correct certain errors concerning the Turkish sultan and his court, as briefly and as authoritatively as lies in my power.

To begin with the most important—the succession to the kaliphate differs from that of any other sovereignty either Eastern or Western. Mahomet, who was so minute in framing his code of moral and hygienic law, makes no mention in the Koran of any defined plan for securing the succession to his pontifical office. Therefore, the assumption by the sultans of Turkey of a position resembling in many ways that of the pope in the Latin Church, was the outcome of a chance which circumstances favored. The Roman pontiff can point to certain texts in the Gospels, and, notably, to the famous words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church," in confirmation of his extraordinary claims; but the sultan cannot appeal to a single line in the Koran to support those tremendous spiritual and temporal pretensions, whereby he assumes the almost divine titles of "Zil-Ullah," Shadow of God; "Alem-Penah," Refuge of the World; "Smre-ul-Muslemin," Pontiff of Musulmans; "Hunkiar," or Manslayer; and finally of "Padishah," or Father of all the Sovereigns of the Earth; titles gradually conceded him, but unknown to the earlier kaliphs, who aspired to no divine honors, holding themselves merely to be "the servants of the servants of God." This singular oversight on the part of the Prophet has been the cause of two-thirds at least of the troubles which have befallen the Turkish Empire, especially during the last five centuries, and it is indeed the pivot of all the evils forming

that complex bundle of misfortune, error, and crime we habitually describe as the Eastern question. Probably the reason for this omission on the part of a lawgiver who was so minute in his commands, as definitely to determine the exact number of times in the day the faithful must wash their faces, hands, and feet, is due to the circumstance that, in spite of his having fifteen wives, he left no male heir to carry on his dynasty. The confusion which ensued on the death of Mahomet, entirely owing to his leaving no direct heir, has been frequently described. It resolved itself by the election of Abou-Bekir-Siddik, his father-in-law, to the vacant throne. In due time he was followed by Omar, who bore no relationship to either of his predecessors, but owed his election solely to his exceptional qualifications. By the time he died Islamism had become such a power, that the necessity of determining the manner of succession to the khaliphate began to agitate the Moslem world. Ali, a turbulent and ambitious man, the husband of Mahomet's only daughter, Fatma, now came forward to assert his claims, and those of his sons, the grandchildren of the founder of the Faith, who, he averred, ought to inherit the honors of their illustrious ancestor. The immediate followers of Mahomet, however, were not of this opinion. They preferred merit to descent.

It is not my purpose to enter here into details of the murders of Omar and Osman, or of the subsequent defeat and violent death of Ali himself, who, according to the early chronicler's picturesque expression, "fell a victim of the sword." On his death, Moawiah was proclaimed supreme ruler over all the countries which had been won by Mahomedan valor. He was the last of the elected kaliphs, and it must be confessed that the elective system had not hitherto proved pre-eminently conducive to peace and prosperity, since it had led to no less than three assassinations and to continuous civil war. Although Moawiah was in no way connected with the Prophet's family,

he resolved, if possible, to establish an hereditary dynasty, and partially succeeded; for some member or other of his blood contrived to hold the reins of power for close upon a century. Unfortunately for them, they had to govern a people whose every act, in political and private life, is regulated by the Koran, which, as I have already pointed out, makes no mention whatever of the matter of the Prophet's succession. On the death of Moawiah II., Merwan, an usurper, only remotely connected with the reigning family, succeeded. After his death, the crown passed irregularly from brother to nephew (and not from father to son), and the last of the Ommiades, as that dynasty was called, was only third cousin to his immediate predecessor. He perished in a general massacre of the entire imperial family, in which the women of the harem were included.

The next dynasty, the Abissides, was founded by El-Saffa, lineally descended from an uncle of the Prophet, a somewhat vague connection, which, however, enabled him to obtain a following, and seat himself firmly on the throne. His grandson was that illustrious Haroun-al-Raschid, the glories of whose reign it were superfluous to recall. On his death-bed, unhappily, this great prince divided his colossal empire between his three sons, who straightway fell to quarrelling to secure the entire inheritance. Their dissensions led to the conquest of the empire by the Turkish Seldjoukides, under whom the supreme power passed from brother to nephew, and nephew to cousin, in a perfect tempest of murder, massacre, and civil war, which ended in the utter exhaustion of their power. It is under this dynasty, which lasted, roughly speaking, for about a hundred years, from the end of the tenth century, that we first find symptoms of the custom, now grown into a legal obligation, of choosing the eldest male survivor of the sultan's blood as his successor. And with it, come those mercilessly systematized domestic tragedies, which had their mainspring in the imperative desire to remove all who might stand

in the way of the reigning sovereign's own offspring.

Out of the ruins of the Seldjoukide domination rose the Osmanli or Turkish Empire. Othman, its founder, was the son of Ethogroul, a splendid specimen of the nomad chief. He never dreamt of arrogating to himself the proud descent so willingly accepted by his son's successors, but served loyally under Soliman-Shah, chief of the Ogouses Turks, who with his horde of fifty thousand men, swept the Armenian plateau right up to the sources of the Euphrates River, and made his faithful lieutenant governor of the district of Boseni, in Asia Minor. His seat of government was Sultan-beni, "brow of Sultan," a name which it retains to this day, as being the cradle of the actual Turkish dynasty.

As is so usual in the case of the founders of illustrious houses, various quaint and semi-miraculous legends are woven round the youth and early manhood of Othman. Not the least charming is a tale of his courtship of the fair Malkhatoun, the daughter of the learned Sheik Edball, and their subsequent marriage. Their son, Orkhan, put the coping-stone upon his father Othman's life-work by annihilating all the minor sultanates which still existed, and having finally consolidated his empire, chose Broussa, on the Bithynian Olympus, for his capital.

After Othman's time, the historian's task grows far easier; for the details of the plots and consequent tragedies which invariably recur on the death of each sultan, lose their traditional character, and are reported by the various chroniclers with striking minuteness. From Orkhan down to Mahomet II., "The Conqueror," hardly one of the sultans died a natural death.

The conquest of Constantinople gave the sultans the chance they had not hitherto possessed of establishing a well-defined court ceremonial. This ceremonial Sultan Mahomet II. adapted from the Byzantine court customs; and to this end he actually preserved a majority of the gorgeous costumes of

the indolent and luxurious people he had vanquished.

Having converted Constantinople into Stamboul, the sacred capital of Islam, second only to Mecca in the eyes of the Faithful, the conqueror, turned his thoughts to the all-important subject of the imperial succession. He had himself narrowly escaped assassination on the death of his father, Murad II., and was deeply versed in all the mysterious intrigues of Oriental courts. He tarnished the glory of his reign, to European eyes, by publishing a barbarous Irade, which made it lawful for a new sultan to murder all his male relations, in order to secure the throne to his own offspring. Selim II., in 1566, issued yet another firman, prohibiting members of the imperial family from participating, even in the remotest degree, in public business, and condemning them to rigorous seclusion during the life of the reigning sovereign. The folly of such a regulation, whereby the heir to the crown is kept in utter ignorance of all a prince likely to be called to govern a great country should be deeply learned in, needs no comment.

At this time of writing, Raschid-Effendi, the present sultan's youngest brother, and probable successor, is confined within the palace of the Cheragan, together with his harem and the officers of court—kept as a prisoner of state. He is not allowed to receive a single letter, book, or newspaper, not to mention a visitor from the outer world.

To the drawbacks consequent on this seclusion must be added those of the exceedingly inferior education bestowed on the male members of the imperial family, an education left entirely in the hands of parasites and adventurers, European and otherwise.

From Mahomet II., 1451, to Mahmud II., "The Reformer," 1808, no less than four sultans were deliberately murdered, and five forced to abdicate; three of whom were afterwards mysteriously got rid of. This same Mahmud II., the grandfather of his present Majesty, once told the late Lord

Stratford de Redcliffe how his mother, the Sultana Validé, hid him in a stove to save him from the murderers of his uncle Selim III., and his brother, Mustafa IV.; and how, from his place of concealment, he heard those same murderers proclaim him sultan. He inaugurated his reign by a general massacre of all those who had been mixed up in the late conspiracies, and caused over a hundred and fifty women belonging to the harems of the two preceding sultans to be drowned in the Bosphorus.

It was this great sultan who, by the drastic measure of a general massacre, freed himself and his empire from the insupportable arrogance and tyranny of the famous Janissaries. An aged man yet living in Pera told me he distinctly recollected seeing from the heights of Galata a great volume of fire and overhanging smoke rise between St. Sofia and the mosque of Sultan Ahmed. It marked the accomplishment of the sultan's stern command. The barracks and the dreaded body-guard had been blown to atoms. He added that when the Christians round him realized their freedom from their daily curse they fell upon their knees and thanked God.

A passing allusion will suffice to recall the conspiracy and the series of well-known tragedies which followed on the dramatic death of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and which led, through the brief reign of the mad Sultan Murad V., to the installation of his Majesty Abdul-Hamid II., all of them due to the undefined nature of the laws of the Ottoman succession. Let us now turn to the constitution and etiquette of the Turkish court, and more especially of the harem, the true court of a polygamous monarch.

To begin with the external domestic court. It has often been said that the sultan shares his spiritual power with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, but, as a matter of actual fact, they are in a measure independent of each other. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is the vicar-general, charged with those details of the spiritual life of the empire which would be too

intricate for the sultan's unaided examination. Islam is a faith which has but slightly modified since its foundation, and neither sultan nor sheik is called upon to confirm new dogmas and ceremonies, or to concern themselves with the creation or dispersal of new religious orders. Their duty is to preserve the *status quo* in religious matters, and to keep alive the fervor, not to say fanaticism, of the Faithful throughout the empire. The Sheikh-ul-Islam acquaints his imperial master with any case arising in the Islamic priesthood, whether of sanctity to be rewarded, or of evil conduct to be punished; and the sultan metes out the appropriate sentence. Although the sultan can depose the Sheikh-ul-Islam at his own sweet will, the consent of that dignitary must be obtained before the padishah himself can be removed from his high estate. Thus, when Midhat Pasha conspired against the unhappy Abd-ul-Aziz, his first care was to obtain a written sanction for the sultan's deposition from the then Sheikh-ul-Islam, Hassan-Hiroullah. Without that sanction the troops would have revolted, and the plot have failed.

The next great personage in the empire is the grand vizier, whose functions somewhat resemble those of our own prime minister, though, of course, much more limited. In olden times this office was by no means a pleasant one. Throughout the last century, indeed, something like a hundred grand viziers have perished by the bow-string, or in that terrible "well of blood," the remains of which, in the courtyard of the Castle of the Seven Towers, still thrill the traveller with a sense of shuddering horror. Most of these grand viziers, many of whom have won lasting fame by their striking administrative talents, rose from the lowest ranks, even out of slavery. The grand vizier is invariably addressed as "your Highness." Not many generations back his regulation costume was of white satin lined with ermine, and on his head he wore an egg-shaped turban blazing with jewels. Nowadays he always appears in a modern military

dress, and the pomp and circumstance of his *entourage* has dwindled to the stained and ill-fitting frockcoat and the unblackened sidespring boots of the modern Turkish functionary.

The Kizlar-Aghasse, or chief of the black eunuchs, ranks officially next to the grand vizier. But, for obvious reasons, his Highness has now no place in the *Almanach de Gotha*. The regiment of eunuchs under his command has greatly diminished during the present reign, but their number is still formidable, for they are indispensable to the harem system. A few exceedingly old white eunuchs are lodged at Yildiz, but they are rapidly dying out.

The body-guard of page boys, which used to be quartered in two vast courtyards in the Old Seraglio, has now almost entirely lost its peculiarly Asiatic character. The lads do much the same work as in other courts—run messages and attend upon their elders, receiving in exchange for these slight duties, their board and lodging, and a fair military education.

Notwithstanding his well-intentioned household reforms, Abd-ul-Hamid's court still swarms with parasites, in the guise of secretaries, ushers, palace agents, and such fry. All this petty host is waited on by some three or four hundred slaves and menial servants, known as "baltadjis." The cooking of the imperial establishment is on a quite incredible scale. The male and female population of Gildiz, inclusive of the troops in the palace barracks, certainly cannot amount to less than between six and eight thousand persons, all fed at the sultan's expense. One of the most amusing features of a visit to such portions of the palace as strangers are allowed to see, is the procession of meals going from the kitchens to the various apartments. Each meal is enclosed in an enormous wheel-shaped box, divided into compartments, and covered with a piece of black calico tied over the top, the whole transported on the head of a slave. Under the black covering is another of silk or velvet, more or less richly embroidered according to the rank of the person who

is to consume the viands. There are, so I was credibly assured, over four hundred cooks and scullions employed within the palace, under the direction of a goodly array of Turkish, French, and Italian chefs.

The harem, or women's department of the sultan's household, consists of a number of little courts or "dairas," each surrounding some one or other of the leading ladies of this amazing female hierarchy, numbering not less than fifteen hundred persons.

His Majesty never condescends to go through the usual ceremony of a Moslem marriage. The women of his harem are divided into three great classes. The *kadinés*, who are more or less legitimate wives, though never officially espoused; the *ikbals*, or favorites, from amongst whom the *kadiné* are usually selected; and the *guienzdes*, literally, "the young ladies who are pleasant in the eyes" of their master, who may in their turn attain to the dignity of *ikbals*. All these women *must* be of slave origin. The majority are either purchased or stolen from Circassian or Georgian peasants at a very tender age, and in so mysterious a manner as to prevent all chance of their relatives ever tracing their whereabouts. In nine cases out of ten, however, if the lady does rise to importance, her identity is revealed to her own kinsfolk, and the chief object of her life becomes to obtain rich places for them, by fair means or foul. The sultan of Turkey, therefore, is invariably the son of a slave woman. But the moment that slave becomes the mother of a prince, or even of a princess, of the blood royal, she is set free and given imperial rank. As an instance in point, many old residents in Constantinople still remember how Sultan Mahmud II. was smitten with a sudden passion for a buxom *hammamjinah*, or bathwoman, who, on becoming the mother of Abd-ul-Medjid simultaneously became *kadivé effendi*, and eventually rose to the supreme dignity of "Validé Sultan."

As all good Mussulmans should have four official wives, so the sultan has

four kadinés. Each bears her own distinctive title, and takes precedence accordingly. It was the Bach Kadiné or principal of these ladies, the sister of Zaki Pasha, all too well known for his exploits in the Sasoun, who was recently and erroneously described as the sultana.

The three other kadinés are respectively denominated the Skindji-Kadiné, or Second Lady, the Artanié-Kadiné, or Middle Lady, and the Kutchuk-Kadiné, or Little Lady. The fact that each of these ladies must, according to the Moslem law, have an equal court in every detail, from the mistress of the robes down to the lowest scullion, and even to the number of the horses in her stable, explains why some other female personage of the imperial *entourage*, must perforce be selected to hold the place and title usually allotted to the wife of a monogamous sovereign. This personage, in the Turkish system, is always the mother of the reigning sultan, and is known as the validé-sultan. Should the sultan be motherless at the time of his accession, his foster-mother takes the position, this connection being considered almost as sacred as the maternal one, in the eyes of all good Moslems. The present validé-sultan is the foster-mother of Abd-ul-Hamid, and has been described to me as a very able and intelligent woman, of somewhat old-fashioned ideas, who rules the harem with the strictest attention to economy and propriety. Every member of the female host at Yildiz, owes absolute homage and obedience to the validé, whose proudest title is "Tatch-al-Mestourat," or "Crown of the Veiled Heads," that is of all Mahomedan women, who, of course, are strictly veiled. The etiquette surrounding the validé is almost as strict as that environing the padishah himself. Not even the bach-kadiné can presume to appear unsummoned before her, and no lady of the harem ventures into her presence, save in full court dress, and without any mantle, whether the weather be bitter cold or stiflingly hot.

When she goes abroad she has a military escort exactly similar to the sultan's own.

The reader will easily comprehend what tragedies and plots and counter-plots the harem ambition to attain the proud position of validé-sultan has called into existence. To quote one example among many. The famous Validé-Sultan Turkhan, mother of Mahomet IV., in order to set her son upon the throne, followed the example of Athaliah of old, and literally slew all the seed royal. In 1665 she built the lovely mosque called the Yeni-Validé Iami, at the foot of the Great Bridge. It is some consolation to know that this reprehensible princess was duly strangled in her own turn. In this connection it may be interesting to note that the sultan, like any other Moslem, can ally himself with a Christian or a Pagan, for the matter of that, if it so please him. And, independently of Irene and Roxalana, there have been a number of Christian kadiné, one or two of whom were Venetian and Genoese ladies, carried off by pirates, but who were never asked to change their religion, though their children, of course, were brought up in their father's faith. It is, however, a significant fact that no Jewess has ever occupied a great position in the harem.

Only one sultan, Abd-ul-Medjid, is known to have gone through formal ceremonies of marriage and divorce. It seems he was visiting an Egyptian princess, the widow of one of the sons of Mahomet Ali, when he saw and straightway fell in love with Besmé Hanoum, her Highness's adopted daughter. He asked his hostess to give the young lady to him, an unceremonious demand which she adroitly parried by replying that the girl was already the promised bride of one of his Majesty's officers. "In that case," quoth the amorous sultan, "I will marry her myself." And to the astonishment of Stamboul he formally, and, what is more, publicly espoused her, which did not prevent his divorcing her within the year in as strictly legal

a manner as any ordinary citizen. She soon afterwards became the fourth wife of Fazil-Pasha.

The title of sultana does not exist. But that of sultan added to the proper name, is accorded to all ladies of the imperial blood, daughters and sisters of the sultan. Thus Lelia-Sultan, Fatma-Sultan, and so forth. Should one of these ladies condescend, as frequently occurs, to marry a subject, she retains her title and fortune, and her husband may not even sit down before her, unless she gives him leave.

Yet another important personage in the harem is the hasnada-oustâ, or grand mistress of the robes and treasury, generally a respectable and intelligent elderly woman, who acts as vice-validé, and attends to all those many household details which, in so vast an establishment, must perforce escape the vaudé-sultan's own eye. On more than one occasion, *faute de mieux*, the hasnada-oustâ has risen to the position of validé-sultan.

It has been already stated that the harem is constantly fed by a stream of slave children, secretly purchased from remote regions, and privately conveyed into the palace. During their earlier years, they are called *alaikés*, and are placed in the care of certain elderly and experienced women, known as *kalfas*, or mistresses, who initiate them into all the subtle arts which delight the Oriental taste. Their manners are especially attended to, and they are taught music and dancing. In due time they begin to act as attendants on the *kadivés* and the imperial princesses, and frequently rise to the highest rank.

Formerly Oriental costume was universal in the imperial harem, and we possess many descriptions of the variety and splendor of the dresses worn by the sultan's favorites and their attendants. In the Old Seraglio the rooms were all lined with those marvellous Persian tiles, specimens of which still linger on the ruined walls. Low divans, covered with the costliest embroideries, were the only furniture permitted, save the priceless carpets

covering the floors, and the little inlaid tables which served to support the coffee-cup and other trifles used by the ladies, who, when they went abroad, drove in picturesque arabas, the silken awnings of which were sometimes studded with priceless gems. The sultan himself was never seen by *Giaour* eyes. There is a fine old print at the British Embassy at Pera, representing Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's (then Mr. Canning) introduction to Sultan Mahmud II. in 1825. The sultan is shown in full Oriental costume, squatted on the carpet enclosed in a huge alcove, grated like a birdcage. The curtains are drawn, leaving the lattice bare, so that the *padishah* is visible through the bars. This was considered at the time a most extraordinary innovation. Previous ambassadors had never seen the cage, let alone the imperial bird within it.

A distinguished lady who has the entrée to the harem assures me that its present inmates dress more or less in European fashion, but almost invariably in the costliest conceivable tea-gowns from Paris and Vienna. They wear magnificent diamonds and other jewels, and appear to lead a very happy life.

It must not for a moment be concluded that because a woman is an inmate of the *Seraf* she does not possess a legal husband of her own. Many of the ladies are the wives of pashas, and, like our own court ladies, have only a stated period of waiting in each year. But the majority of the married denizens of this world within a world, be they mistresses or maids, have husbands holding some palace appointment, and apartments and families within its walls. The harem ladies have a fair share of liberty. In the regulation *yashmak* and *feridje* they can go out driving and paying visits whenever they choose, and they haunt the bazaars, the Grande Rue de Pera, and other public promenades. They have, moreover, many entertainments among themselves. There is a very pretty theatre in the gardens of the palace, where operas and ballets are

frequently given for their entertainment. In summer they swarm up the Bosphorus to the Sweet Waters of Asia, and in spring and autumn to the Sweet Waters of Europe; but they are never seen on foot. As to the sultan himself, his life is of the simplest and most arduous. He rises at six and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences. At eight o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in company of one of the ambassadors. Very often, in the evenings, he plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music, and his favorite score is that of "La Fille de Mme. Angot." He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frockcoat, the breast of which on great occasions is richly embroidered and blazing with decorations.

He is the first sultan who has done away with the diamond aigrettes, formerly attached to the imperial turban or fez. The president of the United States is no more informal than the sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on the sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. As the padishah is supposed to speak no language but Turkish and Arabic, his Majesty, who is a perfect French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman.

Much more might be added of interest and instruction, but the inexorable limits of a magazine article compel me to close with the following curious anecdote.

Quite recently a very great lady had the honor of dining with his Majesty, who, by the way, is the first Turkish sovereign who has ever admitted a Christian woman to his table. After dinner the lady noticed a mousetrap which had been forgotten on one of the chairs. "Oh," said the sultan, "that is an excellent trap. It was sent to me from England, and I have caught ten mice in it to-day." RICHARD DAVEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HAVANA.

Wherever the eye rests the scene is wholly unfamiliar to Northern eyes. On the green hills the graceful, umbrella-like palms and cocoanuts and the huge-leaved bananas fling their branches to the breeze. The houses, that are separated from the city and scattered about the surrounding shores, are low and rambling, and are either white, or, more odd still, blue, or pink, or green. Hardly has the great anchor rattled and splashed into the waters of the tranquil harbor before the ship is besieged by the most irregular-looking small boats. They are short and broad, and so strong that one might feel safe at sea in one. Each has an awning upon an arched frame over the after-part to shield the passenger from the sun's rays, and these awnings are painted, like the houses, in one bright color or another, so that altogether they make the scene picturesque, and call to mind the hues of an Italian water view. Into one of these boats you descend, and your boatman, spreading a small sail, guides you to the landing before you have satisfied yourself with staring at the tropic vegetation, the swarm of boats, the men-of-war, the white forts, and the bareheaded women and coolly-clad men who have come out from the city in other boats to greet your fellow-passengers. Perhaps you do not notice it at once, but you are able to see farther and better than at home, for the air is usually as clear as crystal. You will notice, later on, that the sky is similarly clear, and as for the nights, they are beautiful beyond description. At the landing you find a cab convenient, and a hackman who will take you on any short journey for twenty cents. When comfort is considered, it will be found that riding in one of these comfortable victorias is far cheaper than walking.

You tell the coachman to drive you to one of the principal hotels. There are several that more or less nearly approach Cuban perfection: the PasaJe, Telegrafo, San Carlos Inglaterra,

America, or Europe; terms, \$3 to \$5 a day. Drive slowly, for from whatever part of the world you may come, rest assured you will never before have encountered such streets, houses, stores, or customs as will now be noticeable on every hand. The streets are very narrow; the sidewalks are seldom more than two feet wide in the older parts of the city; the houses are mainly broad and low, three-story buildings being rare and one-story structures quite common. You notice that everything is made to serve comfort and coolness. Instead of having panes of glass, the windows are open and guarded by light iron railings, and the heavy wooden doors are left ajar. You see into many houses as you pass along, and very cool and clean they look. There are marble floors, cane-seated chairs and lounges, thin lace curtains, and glimpses of courts in the centre of each building, often with green plants or gaudy flowers growing in them between the parlor and the kitchen. You will find much the same plan at your hotel. You may walk in at the doors or the dining-room windows, just as you please, for the sides of the house seem capable of being all thrown open; while in the centre of the building you see the blue sky overhead. Equally cool do all the inhabitants appear to be, and the wise man who consults his own comfort will do well to follow the general example. Even the soldiers wear straw hats. The gentlemen are clad in underwear of silk or Lisle thread and suits of linen, drill, or silk, and the ladies are equally coolly apparelled. Havana is a dressy place, and you will be astonished at the neatness and style to which the tissue-like goods worn there are made to conform. But come and see the apartment you are to rest in every night. Ten to one the ceiling is higher than you ever saw one in a private house, and the huge windows open upon a balcony overlooking a verdant plaza. The floor is of marble or tiling, and the bed is an ornate iron or brass affair, with a tightly stretched sheet of canvas or fine wire netting in place

of the mattresses you are used to. You could not sleep on a mattress with any proper degree of comfort in the tropics. There is a canopy with curtains overhead, and everything about the room is pretty certain to be scrupulously clean. Conspicuous there and everywhere else that you go is a rocking-chair. Rocking-chairs are to be found in rows in the houses and in regiments in the clubs.

You will want to purchase some things, and the best shopping streets are Obispo Street, O'Reilly Street, and Ríola, commonly called Muralla Street. The shopkeepers have a way of throwing the entire fronts of their stores open in most cases, while in others, behind plate-glass in true New York style, are exposed fine collections of jewellery, silks, dry goods, bonnets, pictures, or bric-a-brac. You will notice that the Havanese have solved the bothersome American problem how to prevent storekeepers from littering and blocking the sidewalks with goods. They have solved it simply by making the sidewalk too small to put anything on. Those irrepressible men and women who are ever on the alert to make profitable purchases in foreign lands will find bargains in Spanish laces, fans, and parasols, in the light goods that men wear, in the Spanish wines and liquors, and the Cuban cigars and jellies. The cheap street, like the Eighth Avenue or Bowery of New York, is Principe Alfonso, which your driver will know better if you call it Monte. You will notice with surprise that every store, instead of bearing the title of the proprietary firm, is called by a fancy name—viz., *El rúeblo*, *Las Delicias*, *El Gallo*, or more commonly by women's names, such as *Rosita*, *Adelina*, *Antonica* or *America*. America is a woman's name in Cuba. They are great advertisers, and the sign "Post no bills" in Spanish is commoner than you expect to find it outside of Boston. Those storekeepers do best who put awnings across the streets, and thus display their names and confer a public benefit as well. Shade is perfect coolness in

Cuba. The sun is hot there, not damp and suffocating as here, but dry and tingling; and you step out of it beneath a tree or awning, and are cool at once. Then the mornings and evenings are delightful, and you will find these the best hours for your sight-seeing expeditions.

Havana is the metropolis of the West Indies. It has more life and bustle than all the rest of the Archipelago put together. If you are German, English, Scotch, Dutch, American, French, or whatever you are, you will find fellow-countrymen among its quarter of a million souls. There is a public spirit there which is rare in those climes. The theatres astonish you by their size and elegance. They are the Tacon, Payret, Nuevo Liceo, Verano, Cervantes, and the Circus, called Circo de Jane. Some of these have five galleries, and one, the Tacon, can accommodate six thousand persons at a ball or three thousand in the seats. It ranks fourth in size in the world. The Verano is a tropical establishment all open at the sides, and the Circus can be thrown open to the sky. The aristocratic club is the Union, but the popular one is the Casino Español, whose club-house is a marvel of tropical elegance and beauty. Nearly all these attractions are on or near the broad, shady, and imposing thoroughfare, the Prado—a succession of parks leading from the water opposite the Morro Castle almost across the city. In one or another of these parks a military band plays on three evenings of the week, and the scene on such occasions is wholly new to English eyes. It is at such times that one may see the beautiful Spanish and Cuban women. They do not leave their houses in the heat of the day unless something requires them to do so, and when they do they remain in their carriages, and are accompanied by a servant or elderly companion. So strict is the privacy with which they are surrounded, that you shall see them shopping without quitting their carriages, waited on by the clerks who bring the goods out to the vehicles.

But when there is music under the laurels or palms the señoritas, in their light draperies, and wearing nothing on their heads save the picturesque mantilla of old Spain, assemble on the paths, the seats, the sidewalks, and in the carriages, and there the masculine element repairs and is very gallant indeed. Here you will listen to the dreamy melody of these latitudes, Spanish love-songs and Cuban waltzes so softly pretty that you wonder all the world does not sing and play them. On other nights the walk or drive along the Prado is very interesting. You pass some of the most elegant of the houses, and notice that they are two stories high, and that the family apartments are on the upper stories, so that you miss the furtive views of the families at meals, and of ladies reclining in the broad-tiled window sills, that you have in the older one-story sections of the city. When you see the carriages in the broad, stone-floored hallways, you are reminded of the story of the youth who came back from Havana to New York, and informed his friends that "in Havana they have the carriages in the front parlor, and cigars grow on trees."

"No," said a Cuban girl who was present. "That is not so. Cigars do not grow on trees there."

But it is no more fair to say that the carriages are in the parlors than it would be to say the same thing of the English basement houses that were popular when building-room was not so dear in New York as it is now; for it will be remembered that they contained a carriage-way, and, indeed, were in many respects very like these two-story Cuban houses. The smooth, stuccoed fronts of these houses, the huge, barred windows, which permit everything to be thrown open to the breeze, the inviting balconies overhead, and the general cleanliness of the interiors, will greatly interest you. The parks along the way are very pretty, especially that of Isabella II., whose statue looks a little like Victoria's; and the Indian Park, in which is a fountain embracing a statue

of an Indian princess, the most artistic and ambitious public work in the city. One block away, immediately behind the Hotel Pasaje, is a very great curiosity, a piece of the old wall of Havana. It marks the line between the old and the new city, and indicates the rapid growth of the newer portion. In this neighborhood also is the Tacon Market, one of the largest and finest in the world. Do not miss a sight of its tropical commodities. Eat sparingly of the fruits, and remember that those who understand them are content with the refreshing juices of such of them as the pineapple, mango, and orange, and do not attempt to eat the pulp. The green cocoanuts that you see in such profusion are not full of meat like the ripe ones you get in America; they are merely vessels full of a cool, refreshing water. Drink all you want of it; it is cooling and nourishing. In any of the cafés that are so plentiful in the city you can get a big glass of *agua de coco* for a few pence. Tamarind-water is another excellent drink to be had at all refreshment counters. It cools the blood and regulates the stomach. Lemonade, which they make of juicy little limes, is also an excellent refreshment. Ice, made by man and not by Nature, is as plentiful as in New York. There are other markets—the Colon and the Cristina—and you should see them both in order to realize the wonders of this most rich and fertile soil and magic climate.

For expeditions on foot you have many points near at hand. First, there is the short walk to the cathedral. It is rather a shabby-looking edifice outside, for the volcanic stone so abundant in Cuba has not been plastered over, as is usually the case; but the surprise will be all the greater when you enter and see how costly and beautiful the interior is. The altar is exceptionally magnificent, and beside it rest the remains of him they call Cristobal Colon, known to all the rest of the world as Christopher Columbus. Persons of the sort who disbelieve in anything, from the miracle of Jonah and the whale to

the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, will tell you that Columbus's ashes are somewhere else; but the weight of evidence is against that theory. A few steps distant is the oratory, El Temple, a monument to mark the spot where, in distant centuries, the first mass ever said in Havana was celebrated. It is not so easy to believe, as they tell you, that the beautiful tree in the enclosure is the identical one under which the celebration took place; but the spot is especially interesting from the fact that, when Columbus's remains were first brought to Havana, it was in this little temple that they were deposited. But do not leave the cathedral without having asked one of the clergy to let you look at the treasures stored in the ante-room to the left of the altar. This is one of the most notable sights in Cuba. In the closets are utensils of silver and gold in use before the altar on feast days; and one cupboard contains a triumph of the silversmith's art. It is a Gothic tower of the most elaborate and artistic design, all in pure silver, and ornamented with gold, jewels, and delicate filigree work. In the numerous drawers along the walls are the dresses worn by the clergy on special occasions, garments of silk and satin, encrusted or embroidered with gold and silver, and set with precious stones.

In this neighborhood are other old churches; the big Government House and its little park, hemmed in by the bustle of down-town trade. The Fish Market, and the Mole, a covered levée about a mile in length, at which you landed, and which you will find interesting if you visit it again. Here, exposed as you are not accustomed to see them, are the products of all nations, newly removed from incoming vessels mainly by means of lighters, because of the scarcity of wharf room. It is a market place where, in the morning, you will see a great crowd of merchants, boatmen, laborers, gathered to buy and sell, and to employ and tender service. The bales and boxes, you see, are captured as resting-places by the boatmen, hackmen, and even the sol-

diers and custom-house men, and you begin to be impressed by something that you will do well to profit by—the fact that, as a rule, everybody takes life easily, and makes his habits and his business conform to the general custom. Business men go to their counting rooms early and do not leave them until late in the afternoon, except to breakfast at half past ten or eleven o'clock. All Cuba, when it first gets up in the morning, takes a cup of coffee, and partakes of but two meals during the day—breakfast before noon and dinner at five or six o'clock. Accustom yourself to the same rule. Bathing should be indulged in between coffee and breakfast.

To see the utmost possibilities of comfortable living in Havana do not content yourself with driving in company with the fashionable folk in the Paseo de Carlos III., the beautiful, almost Parisian boulevard leading to the captain-general's residence, but continue on to Cerro and Jesus de Monte, two fashionable suburbs of the city. In Cerro are some of the most palatial residences in Cuba. Great white houses they are, embowered in the verdant and gaudy splendor of well-kept tropic gardens, cooled by broad verandahs whose roofs are supported by pretty Grecian pillars, and under which, in perfect enjoyment of the clear yet perfumed air, are gathered the young and old in the inevitable rocking-chairs. Pass by in the evening, and peep in where the mellow light of shaded lamps falls upon Oriental rugs, soft laces, marble floors, rare and costly carvings and paintings, and upon the quiet families of blonde women and dark-skinned men bent over embroidery, books, or newspapers, or sipping ices and listening to the soft melody of the country; is there not something in all this for us business-ridden Britons to envy as well as admire? Vedado, also, should be visited. It compares with Cerro as Hoboken does with Brooklyn; but, though not aristocratic, it is very pretty. Then, for a longer and more rural expedition one should see the new

Water Works, which are regarded as among the most notable engineering achievements of the time.

Then there is Marianao (pronounced Marry-a-now), a pretty place, loved for its cool breezes and its handiness to the seaside, where there are bathing booths and little restaurants for excursionists. You go there by rail in quick time. Chorrera, a quaint fishing hamlet at the mouth of the Almendares River, is equally accessible. Here you may see the simple houses and interesting customs of the peasantry, as well as the odd vegetation and luxuriant verdure of the country. In the other direction, by taking the ferry to Regla, and a coach from there, is reached the interesting town of Guanabacoa, which rejoices in a mineral spa. Puentes Grandes, which means the Big Bridge, is a popular picnicing place; and another interesting journey is that one out to the mysterious old fort or castle upon a little rocky isle a few miles west of the city. The American consul will cheerfully equip you with permits to see the famous fortifications. A more considerable journey, and yet one that can be quickly and easily accomplished, is that into the Vuelta Abajo, where the world-famous tobacco for the best cigars is raised. But far more interesting, and easily accomplishable between coffee and breakfast, is a trip to a sugar plantation. A permit can easily be got, but it must be obtained in Havana. The writer was equipped with one admitting him to the Toledo plantation, only half an hour distant on the Marianao Railroad. First he saw the mansion of the planter, a grand establishment, bigger than most city blocks, only one story in height, yet taller than a two-story-and-basement building at home. It rose out of a beautiful garden like a palace of marble, and seemed eloquent of comfort as well as of the wealth and magnificence that, alas! have not, in most cases, withstood the trials of a revolution at home and an intense competition abroad. A gateway led into the estate, and here the porter took our permit and bade us follow the inviting

road that led between waving fields of bright-green cane. At short distances broad roads intersected the fields to permit the laborers to gather the product and transport it easily. And here was an old-fashioned plantation slave scene—a cane break swarming with negroes. It was wonderful to see the men handle the machetes—broad, long, one-edged knives, the size of small swords. The glistening blades moved with the swiftness of thought. With one blow the cane-stalk was cut close to the ground, with another the leafy top was cut off, and then, as each man tossed a cane from him, he dealt it another blow in mid air and cut it in two. Other men and some women gathered up the canes, stripped them of leaves, and loaded wagons with them. A picturesque throng they were, thinly clad and hard at work, yet stout and strong and happy looking, and all standing on the very threshold of liberty. The cane was transported to the mill house—a vast, open building, distinguished by a tall smoking chimney and the loud hum of unceasing industry. Into a great run-way the cane was piled, and down that it slid into the jaws of two great rollers that squeezed and crushed the juices from it and cast out the dry and mangled stalks, while a flood of raw liquid sugar poured into the troughs below. On a second flooring overhead was the row of huge boilers or kettles, through a series of which this juice must pass before it is resolved into sugar; and finally were seen the centrifugal machines, from which it issued in small, dry, light-brown crystals, to be packed in bags by the long line of negroes at work there. The heavy odor of the sugar, not unlike the smell of malt, though sweeter, pervaded the great building, which, despite the boilers and kettles, was cool and pleasant. Then there were the slave quarters—a hollow square walled in by dormitories two stories high, with a store full of supplies of clothing, medicines, and food, and a hospital room and nursery, and ever so many half-nude, shiny-black piccaninies

playing about. The shaded, cool house of the administrator or superintendent, where the plantation doctor, mounted on a big American horse, was paying a morning visit, was also picturesque.

But you will be a long while in Havana before you will have seen all these curious sights. Havana itself is a mine of pleasure and a museum of curiosities. You will not care to bustle around when you get there as you do in America, or Switzerland, or Canada. The very atmosphere bids you rest and enjoy yourself. And not only that, it is medicinal, curative, and strengthening. Here are men and women, almost crippled at home and in the United States by rheumatism, now forgetful of their ailment and its vanished pains. Here throat and lung troubles, no longer harassed by damp breezes and sudden changes of temperature, are cured without medicine in a month, after the best physicians at home have failed to remove them. Here is a climate as reliable as the coming of day and night, never as cool as springtime in England or as hot as midsummer in London. When snow and ice bind up all nature in our country the thermometer daily points to 65° or 70° in Havana; the grass and cane and foliage are brilliantly green, the flowers are blooming, the fruit is ripening, the birds are chanting in the boughs, and day and night succeed day and night under a sky seldom even flecked by clouds. The winter passes, the spring comes, and the mercury slowly rises 5° to 10°, and 75° to 80° is the temperature. The foliage takes on a darker green, the cane is harvested, the fruit is plucked, and the country-sides grow slightly brown for need of the long-awaited rain. When May is well ushered in the heat comes, and those Cubans who can afford it, together with those Americans who are able to enjoy perpetual summer, quit the verdant isle for Europe or the United States. Then the rainy season begins, and the days are very hot by contrast with the cool breezy nights.

From October until May Havana is an earthly paradise for tired or ill or

weak or pleasure-loving Americans, and thousands who go there are satisfied not to leave it except to return to their homes. Unceasing is the interest one feels in this strange city. Hour after hour, and day after day may be spent in that climate, seated before the hotel, or at one's bedroom window, or on a balcony, merely watching the odd scenes constantly spread to the gaze. Soldiers in uniforms of a sort of blue jean, and with broad-brimmed straw hats, are as numerous here as horses in New York. They pass in couples, squads, or companies. The music of their bands rouses you in the morning and soothes you at night. There are four sorts of policemen, and in the lazy mood you will possess it will interest you for many days to learn to distinguish one sort from another and the name that each sort goes by. Do not let their presence mar your anticipations. They will not trouble you. You will be as free from interference or restraint in Havana as in London—far freer. They still maintain the useless, old-fogey night watch, composed of men in glazed hats and dark uniforms, each equipped with a lantern, and carrying a staff something like a boat-hook and a spear combined. The lumbering carts, the long trains of horses or mules coming in from the country laden with fruit, vegetables, jerked beef, or what not; the milkmen carrying the milk in little cans packed away in panniers on a horse's back; the butchers vending their meat from wagons with lattice-work sides; the Chinese carrying their wares balanced at the ends of a pole upon one shoulder, like animated scales moving through the streets; the children selling "panales"—little cakes of flaky sugar, to be melted in a glass of water and drank; a habit which reminds one of the old saying that, "for those who like that sort of thing, one would think that would be just the sort of thing they would like." These are but a few of the queer sights. Very interesting, also, are the thin but swift little Cuban horses; and, whether you will or not, the vendors of lottery tickets will claim

your attention. In the street, in the store, at your meals, at your window, in the cars—in short, wherever you are, except when you are in a private house or in your bed—these remarkably enterprising peddlers will plead with you to try your luck. Chances in several lotteries are sold in Havana—viz., the Havana, Madrid, Kentucky, Mexico, and Porto Rico, and a large semi-idle portion of the population hawk the tickets about. The cigar and cigarette factories, whose brands are world famous, are objects of interest to the tourist, and the proprietors are not averse to exhibiting their establishments. The deft touch and rapid movement of the skilful Cuban cigar-makers is interesting to most persons, and the modern machinery for turning out thousands of cigarettes in an hour would surprise a professional machinist.

Then there is the Carnival period before Lent, when all Havana lends itself to jollity, and visitors have many opportunities to observe the Cuban dancing—a dreamy sort of poetry materialized. Sundays are observed rather as feast days than solemn occasions; and then the bull-fights, theatres, circus, and opera may be enjoyed, as well as the evening music in the park. And all the time one is certain to enjoy good food, luscious fruits, excellent attendance, and the kindness of a very polite and hospitable community.

From The United Service Magazine.
THE CHILDREN OF THE REGIMENT.

A LITTLE GIRL'S JOURNAL SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. STUART.

[Slight as this little sketch is, we gladly insert it because there are many to whom these anecdotes of the early life of Bishop Macdougal will be of interest, because they relate to him. The younger generation may recall him as one of those to whom Kingsley dedicated "Westward Ho!" as one of the most heroic figures of his generation.—ED. U.S.M.]

This faded blue book, closely written through all its ruled pages in pale ink, and the sloping characters which our grandmothers carefully practised, is the diary of "Mary," the little daughter of a captain in the 7th Fusiliers who in the year 1825 determined to begin keeping her journal of travel and adventure when, with her parents and "Brother Tom," she followed the drum of their regiment by land and sea. Some reminiscent notes have been added to the original statements as Mary grew older, and recently, an old, old lady, full of honor as of years, she gave the story into my keeping, saying that "by and by" I might publish any part from it that I thought generally interesting, especially such recollections of Tom as had not appeared in his "Life." Tom, her brother and hero, three years older than Mary, carved for himself, as Bishop Macdougall, a position which did not belie his sister's expectations. He died a few years before her, but wherever his name is spoken, either in England or the East, it is recognized and honored, and, with his life's work, lives after him.

The "by and by" of which my friend spoke is, alas, reached; she is gone to rejoin the brother who for seventy years embodied for her all that is meant by the words strong, and upright, and true. The simple incidents recorded in her little blue book had, in her eyes, little value except as they touched on Tom and his doings. In re-reading them I find an interest independent of all personal or family sentiment in their quaint childish records of travel and barrack life. They deal in very simple words with times when the "Great War" and the "Peace" had a stirring significance; when a voyage across Europe was beset with danger and uncertainty; when army life was frugal and rugged in the extreme. Little Mary learnt to "endure hardness" as a soldier's child in the early twenties. The first entry in her book is dated "Manchester, 1824," when she was just five years old. All her life long no man among them all had a warmer or more loyal heart for

the "old regiment" than this little daughter of the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

The Manchester entry runs as follows: "We saw flames of fire from our window, and Tom thought it was the Day of Judgment. We ran in our night-dress out in the Street, for the Doors was all open, but Mother said it was a Mill on fire, which we were pleased to Hear, as we thought we were not good enough to appear before God."

On Christmas Day, in the same year, she writes: "We were not let go to Church in the evening, so Tom said, 'Never mind, we will have Church of our own in the kitchen.' He put a chair on the table for a Pulpit, and chose a text, had the Bible before him, and preached a sermon in his own way. Barney said it was as good as being at Church, and Tom was very pleased and said, 'I will be a Bishop some day.'" Unlike most boyish boasts this was literally fulfilled.

Under the heading "Chatham, 1825," comes the following little incident, which will appeal to all children and some grown-up people: "Nurse gave me a sixpence to carry to Mother, and I met a girl on the stairs who asked me to give it to her for some glass beads. I was punished for stealing and Tom was very Angry, 'his Mary never stole, and the bad Girl took the Money.' Next morning the Girl's mother brought the Money back, making her confess."

In 1825, "before we sailed to Corfu, we went to London to see Grandmother, who is nearly a Hundred. She took me on her lap and told me she had a teapot full of gold guineas for her Willie." But a note adds, that "the Willie in question, my father, never saw the legacy, for he was abroad when the old lady died. Others of the family took all her property."

"We went to lodgings before the transport sailed to Corfu in Portsmouth, and when I was out walking with Nurse Moss she trod on my heel, and I cried, and she pushed and beat me. I ran down a street to go and tell Mother, but I lost my way and was very afraid, for I knew the transport

was to sail next day for Corfu, and I was sure they would have to go and leave me behind. I sat on the step and cried, and a poor woman gave me a bit of Bread and a Radish: then I thought of the Bookshop I had been in with my Mother, and presently I found it by the pictures in the window. I told the man I was Captain Macdougall's little Girl, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, and the Regiment was going on board the Transport Boradino next day. He said he would take me home as soon as he could shut up his Shop, and he wiped my Face and gave me some bread and butter, and made me sit under the lamp in the Window. Then Barney rushed into the shop, seeing me in the Window, and Tom with him. Tom had been crying too; he said he had kicked Mary for hurting Me. Then we met Father and the Soldiers looking for me; they thought some Gypsies had stolen me. Dear Tom held me in his arms all that night, for we were so happy that I was got back."

Next morning the Boradino sailed for Corfu. "Every one on board is kind to us," Mary writes. "Father was fishing with a very strong line, and he called Tom to hold it. Tom cried out, 'Something is pulling so hard!' and an Officer held the line too. Father and an officer went in a boat and pulled in the line, and there was a big Shark at the end of it. The Sailors carried it on deck, and they found inside of it a red coat with brass buttons!"

The first night at Corfu left a terrible impression. "Sir F. A., who had known Father in the Peninsular War, gave us very good quarters. We had fine large rooms. The first night Tom and I had a bed made on the floor. Mother came to see us when we were fast asleep, but there was a regular track of bugs from the rafters down by the wall to our bed, some going back quite full, the empty ones biting us all over. We were in a dreadful state in the morning, and Father got in a party of soldiers to scrape the ceiling and walls."

Once settled at Corfu education had to begin. Mary goes to one Madame

Romeo's little day-school, whither Tom escorts her daily, on his way to Lord Guildford's College. "We often get into fights with the Greek boys on the road, for they call our Father and Mother names. One boy caught Tom with his teeth, and held him like a bull-dog, so I got a big Stone and beat him on the Head till he let go." All the events worth recording at this period are anecdotes of Tom's prowess and successes in society: "The officers acted at Christmas, and Tom was 'Tom Thumb,' and fought Lord F. Lennox, a very tall man. He killed him so cleverly, as well as leaping out of the Cow's mouth, and out of the Pudding, and making Love to the Princess."

As for life in Corfu, outside the regiment, here is a descriptive entry: "Opposite our house is a chapel, and the Bishop's Palace. He is such a kind old man. We go to the Services, and I sit on a stool near the Bishop, and take my hat off. After Sacrament he sometimes gives us the bread that is left, and blesses us. . . . His nephew Paolo plays with us, and we teach him English," but, alas, a few pages further on, "the dear Bishop is dead, and they dressed him in all his splendid robes and carried him in a golden chair round the town after he was dead. I could not bear to look at him!" Mary naively concludes.

On "Easter Monday, 1828," they all went up to the hills to see the people assemble from the towns and villages for Easter sports, the Albanians and villagers from S. Salvador being remarkable for their brilliant national costumes. The games consisted of "rolling eggs," which Mary takes for granted we know all about, and does not stop to explain, and "dancing round a pole tied with ribbons, so that as they danced the ribbons plaited together. They sang as they went round, and at one part everyone bumped down and got up again without breaking the ring."

This is the last notice of the Corfu life, which comes to an end soon after Mary's ninth birthday. In the autumn of 1828 Captain Macdougall and his

family embark with the regiment on board the "Revenge, Man-of-War, 74 guns," for Malta, and Tom is bitten with seamanship, and rather deserts his faithful little hench-woman for the society of the midshipmen.

"Tom goes with the midshipmen, and dines with them, so I don't see much of him," she records, but rather in a spirit of pride than of reproach; adding, "Mildmay, Tom Fellowes, and Omaney are our chief friends. Our Band is a very good one, and plays every evening on the poop, and sometimes we may dance. When we arrived at Malta, to our great joy an officer came on board and ordered us to Cephalonia, so we had a little time longer with all our friends on board the *Revenge*."

At Cephalonia the officers' quarters were very rough and bare, and Captain Macdougall, having sold off all his household belongings at Corfu, was obliged to put up with any makeshifts in the way of furniture. "Captain Thompson gave us a cot from the ship, and our dining table was a door taken down and set on some large stones." Rats were a perfect scourge to the place. A large lake in the neighborhood of the town Argostoli having become dry, they swarmed into the houses. "Tom and I both sleep in the ship's cot, for Betty says the rats will suck us. Baby screamed one night, and Betty found a rat sucking its toe! We put basins of water on the floor at night, and the rats fall in, trying to get at the water. We hear them climbing and squealing, and getting on each other's backs.

Cephalonia is a very primitive place; there is no church, and Captain Macdougall christens the babies, and buries the soldiers who die of fever, which is prevalent. Beef 's bad, and kid is worse, and mutton is not at all. The children live on bread, eggs, and fruit, and are sent to play all day on the hills, that they may be as much as possible out of the reach of malaria. They know enough Greek to buy milk and goats' cheese. They had plenty of occupation: drying aloe leaves, and

drawing out the strong fibre for fishing lines; bathing for hours at a time in the warm sea, where Tom teaches Mary to swim quite well; hunting for wild honey among the rocks, and "smashing scorpions under the big stones!" At sunset a gun was fired from barracks, and they were ordered to run home as fast as they could as there was very little twilight, and it was unhealthy to be out late. Every one in barracks had the fever, but the children's wild life on the hills saved them. One night, when they had been to tea at an officer's house in the country, they found the gates closed on their return to town, and all entrance debarred. They were in great distress, "thinking our parents would die of the Plague which had broken out, the Guard said." They sat up all night with Captain and Mrs. Onslow, but in the morning Captain Macdougall appeared to reassure them. He had climbed over some houses, and got out of town without going near the gates, and now reported that it was a false alarm—the family supposed to be plague-stricken had been poisoned by eating a dead goat, and "had come out in spots like the plague."

Captain and Mrs. Macdougall were glad enough when the order came to leave Cephalonia for Malta, but Tom and Mary were almost broken-hearted. "Our sweet hills, and lovely shore," writes Mary, who is ten years old and waxes sentimental. The regiment embarked on board the *Orestes* transport, "a dirty old ship, Tom and I think nothing of her," Mary observes; and then comes fourteen days' quarantine at the Lazaretto, where one big room divided by a curtain serves as bed and sitting-room for the whole family. "In the evening the officers come in to play cards, and Tom and I peep through the curtain and hear everything that goes on when they think we are asleep!"

When the quarantine is over Captain Macdougall moves his family into a little country house at Floriana, and the children's education is once more resumed. "Tom goes to Mr. Howard's

school, and I go to Mde. Sparkes where I learn French and making artificial flowers."

Presently comes a famous escapade of Tom's, which his sister narrates judicially, and without giving her readers the least clue to her personal opinion; whether she sides with maternal authority, or inclines to favor Tom and his distinguished patron, we cannot guess. I give the story in her own words:—

"Our house is close to the garrison Race-course, and Lord B. keeps his stables near us, and he has given Tom a lovely white pony to ride, called Waverley. Lord B. got him a smart jockey's suit to ride in the Garrison Races; he rode once, and won it. But the second day Mother saw some bright colors under his overcoat. She did not know he was Riding in the Races. She led him to his own room, and said he should stay there till the Races were over, and locked his door; she was very angry at his being Made a Jockey of, and determined to put a stop to it! . . . Poor Tom was very sad about it. I went to take him his Meal and books, and stayed with him all I could. Father and the officers was annoyed at his not being allowed to finish the Race, but Mother was Firm—there was a good deal of Evil going on which she would save him from."

We are strongly of opinion that Mrs. Macdougall was right. Very soon afterwards, Mary tells us that "Tom became very indignant with Lord B., for he asked Tom to fight his stable-boy, a Maltese, and let the stable-boy beat him first time; then they should have a second fight, and Lord B. would still bet on Tom, and would win it, giving Tom a good sum for letting himself be beaten at first."

This somewhat confused statement redounds very little to Lord B.'s credit, and we can only hope that Tom and Mary between them misunderstood the whole transaction. Tom's answer is stupendous: "'No, my Lord, I am not going to let myself be beaten by a Smytike for any money you can give me!' and marched out of the stables."

We suspect that he feels this personal affront more keenly than the revelation of Lord B.'s unworthy stratagem; but that "Mother was right" is abundantly proved by the transaction.

It is in the more healthy excitement of getting up school flat-races that poor Tom comes to grief over a piece of broken glass, which cuts a vein in his foot; the wound is serious, and "our surgeon and another doctor" came to probe the wound. "They wanted to strap Tom's leg, but he said, 'If you will let me hold my leg I will not move,' and he never stirred till they got all the splinters out of his foot. The Doctor said, 'What are you going to do with that fine boy of yours?' and Mother said, 'I should like to make anything of him that he should not spend his time with the officers and their grooms.'"

This little episode had great results. The doctor took him up, and instructed him both at his own dispensary and at the hospital, and he attended classes at the Jesuit College of Medicine.

"Father says he had better stick to the Service, and as soon as he was old enough Lord F.-C. would give him a commission." But meanwhile Tom is nearly fifteen, and a "born doctor," and it is finally settled that he shall be sent to England and prepared for college with a view to his entering the medical profession.

"I shall never forget the day he sailed," writes poor Mary; "we drove to a point going out into the Sea to watch the ship bearing our precious one away. Mrs. S. gave him a packet at parting, saying, 'You have a large heart, but a shallow pocket,' and in it he found a check for fifty pounds."

From the date of Tom's departure we feel that Mary's childhood is over; a subtle suggestion of young-ladyhood steals over the entries in her journal. The loss of her companion, and the constant attention required by their invalid mother, suddenly make her older than her thirteen years. We read of long quiet days at a country house near the sea, where "Mother and I sit with our work all day under a tree of hellotrope."

For diversion, the English ladies visit the favorite wife of the Bey of Tripoli, who, to avoid an insurrection at home, has been sent to Malta with her daughters for safety. The Tripoli lady is "very large and fat, with a Roman nose and splendid black eyes; her hair was plaited with gold braid and tufts of colored floss-silk. Her two sons, Haffed and Mahmood, showed us round the garden, and we talked to them in Maltese and Italian; before we left, Haffed asked me to be his wife. I said I could not, as we were of different religions, but he answered he believed I would go to Heaven, as I knew so much! His sister would not, he was sure, as they knew nothing, but I could teach him my Faith, and he would do whatever I told him. I told him it could not be, as my parents would not like it. . . . Some time after, we went again, and I thought Haffed looked very queer. He had put on an English white shirt over his embroidered tunic and gaiters; it flapped about as he walked with me. He said, 'Now I have put on this English garment to show you I would obey your customs.'

Soon after this the bey's family returned to Tripoli, and the last thing Haffed said to Mary was, "I wish my mother and sisters could live like you—you are so happy."

The year after Tom's departure Mrs. Macdougall died very suddenly while her husband was still at Corfu. Mary had many kind friends in Malta, but they were at a distance from St. Giuseppe—the country house where her mother died—and much heavy work fell upon the anxious little girl of barely fifteen. "I had to sell furniture, pack books, plate, and china, and send these to father at Corfu; he wanted me to go to him there, but Mrs. S. would not let me travel alone in the troopship that was sailing from Malta, and it was settled that I was to wait, and go home to England with her in the mail steamer which called at Malta once a month." They did not sail after all till June, 1836, kind Mrs. S., the same lady who had given Tom the packet at parting, having made herself responsible, mean-

while, for the girl's welfare, till such time as she could be confided to the care of two aunts living in London. "We stayed three days at Gibraltar, and the first night, when I jumped into bed, I felt as if I was drowned, and called out to Mrs. S., who said it was only a feather bed I was sinking into. I had never felt one before, having always slept on a bag of Sicilian grass, quite hard, so I took my pillow and slept on the floor." Mrs. S. also took charge of a little girl and her nurse—a sister of Sir H. Ponsonby. "Julia is such a dear little thing," Mary records, "but she vows every night she will not say her prayers unless we make the ship stand still!"

Mrs. S., who seems to have been a humorous as well as a kind chaperone, is questioned by an Algerian Jew about Mary, and replies, in fun, that the girl is her slave. "Will you sell her?" he asks, and the lively lady answers, "Oh, yes, if I can get a good price." He counts out a sum which Mrs. S. laughingly declares is not enough; but it is no laughing matter to the Algerian, who next day brings double the sum, saying he must have Mary for his head-wife—"he had three already, but I should be chief over them and walk on gold." Mrs. S.'s pleasantries ended rather disagreeably, for the ship's captain had to interfere and warn the Algerian off. "I could not go out for he lingered outside, and when we went to the ship, he stormed and raged after us." So much for trying conclusions with a love-smitten Algerian!

At Falmouth, where the ladies disembark, Mrs. S. makes large packets of her pretty things, and especially of the jewellery and lace she has bought at Malta, "and ties them with tapes round our waists, under our petticoats," to escape the vigilance of the custom-house officials. This is a strange feminine perversion in a lady who could spontaneously give a cheque for fifty pounds to a young boy friend, and treat a girl nowise related to her as a cherished daughter; but "the customs" have ever been regarded as fair game by travelling ladies, and this time, as

doubtless often before, Mrs. S. succeeds in her smuggling.

And so to London, which, to Mary's astonishment, is a dark, dirty place—"no blue sky, no white marble, no sunshine" to speak of. She sits at the window of the Dover Street Hotel, and watches the passing crowds, looking eagerly for Tom, who must surely come by before long. Mrs. S. asks what she is looking for, and laughs to hear that she expects to see her brother. "We are not in Valetta!" she explains, "and everybody does not pass here as they do on the Strada Reale; but we will send a note to King's College, and tell Tom you have arrived."

And next morning, early, the brother and sister were once more in each other's arms.

Here, in reunion, we must leave them, for their happy days "with the Regiment" are over forever, and life begins for them in earnest in England. Mary goes to the aunts at Woolwich, and the young doctor proceeds from King's College to Oxford, and presently renounces the medical profession for holy orders, in due time reaching the bishopric which he aspired to at seven years old. His medical knowledge and training were of the greatest value to him during many anxious years in the far East; just fifty years later we find brother and sister united again for a few short weeks under the shadow of the great Southern Cathedral, in whose quiet canonry "Bishop Tom" spent the peaceful end of his life.

From Longman's Magazine.
MARSEILLES.

I have had the honor of saying something in these pages about business and legal matters as conducted in the first business city of France. Some things in the daily life of the streets of that city are, in their way, just as remarkable, and these I propose to recount as the memory of a recent visit brings them back to me. And first a word or two more on the subject of law and order. There is a certain market place

off the Quai de la Porte, and on the very outskirts of the old town, which has gained (and certainly, as the French phrase has it, has not stolen) a very ugly nickname by reason of the constant murders, the committers of which frequently remain undiscovered, and murderous assaults which take place there after nightfall. Why this particular place should be the place of all others where such infractions of the law take place is not clearly apparent. Possibly the criminal population think it a pity that the reputation of the square, indicated by its nickname, should not be kept up, and possibly also it is merely a matter of habit; or the two things may work together for evil. It is not surprising that the police should always carry and should never be slow in using revolvers; and when I had stayed some time in the place, heard, and seen reported daily in that excellent paper, *Le Petit Marseillais*, the sort of thing that is always likely to happen, I ceased to retain any sort of surprise at a request which had reached me, a few months before, from my friend who is settled at Endoume, the great suburb of Marseilles, that I would send him out two pairs of Derringer pistols. He told me, when in due time I followed on the track of the Derringers, that it was always prudent to carry a "gun" in your pocket if you walked from Endoume to, say, the Opera House on a darkish night, and, as I have said, after some days' course of *Le Petit Marseillais* at breakfast, I found no kind of difficulty in accepting the statement. Moreover, it is not very long since a foot-passenger, walking in the main road of Endoume at about six on a summer's afternoon, at a point where there is a generally well-attended café on each side of the way, was set upon, robbed, and half-murdered by several ruffians, who were never found out. Had he been equipped with a revolver, it is more than probable that, at that time of day, at any rate, the mere act of drawing it would have been enough to put the rogues to flight, though after nightfall they, on their side, are handy enough with their

weapons. It may occur to the rapid eye of a reader that it is absurd to make a fuss about outrages of this kind in Marseilles, when such things may occur any day in any large city of civilization. That is so, but they do not occur so frequently, and in most cities, if they began to be frequent, steps would be speedily taken to remedy that state of affairs, mentioned in a previous paper, which leaves the whole of the space—about three miles—between the Catalans and the Prado to look after itself, without the help of a single policeman.

The mention of the Prado, the resort of fashion and wealth on a Sunday afternoon, reminds me of the extraordinary driving habits of the Marseillais. Most of the smart young men drive "steppares" in high trotting-carts, and some of the horses would do much credit to their owners if they were managed in a reasonable way. But the swagger thing to do is to put on steam hard all for a short burst, then drop into a crawl, at which pace you retrace the road taken, and then again break into fire and fury, and so *da capo* and *da capo* past all whooping. It would be interesting to know what are the statistics of lung disease among Marseilles horses. Of course, such of the horses as are mere "screws" cannot but get worn out pretty soon with such treatment. The habit is also exasperating enough to a person who does not see the fun of conforming to this peculiar fashion, and who is forced to adopt an Agag-like method with his own trap in order to keep out of collisions. Another exasperating trick is common alike to the "chariots of the great" and to the butcher's or baker's or candlestick-maker's cart. This is practised when you are driving in the same direction as other vehicles, and a favorite place for it is the length of the Corniche road. Say that you are jogging quietly along, drinking in sunshine, regarding the sapphire sea, and having, as you suppose, that particular stretch of the road to yourself. You hear wheels and the tramp of horseshoes behind you, the noise gets louder and louder, and

presently a carriage or a cart whirls past you, goes on ahead some fifty yards, then slowly drops behind you again to a distance of some few hundred yards, and then repeats the experiment again and again so long as you both travel in the same direction. If there are two conveyances behind you, they are just as likely as not to come up one on each side. The effect upon a nervous beast, unused to such pranks, can be imagined by any one who loves horses. Another agreeable thing connected with horses and traps is the manner in which traffic of all kinds is conducted. It is no exaggeration to say that it is hardly possible to drive for five or six minutes along the "Cannetière" without running one of the shafts into somebody's back. It is incumbent upon you to keep up a constant adjuration to all whom it may concern of *Hé!* on a high note, and *Oh!* on a low one—a sort of variation in a stage-whisper of a fireman's shout—but this is really more a matter of convention than of utility, for no foot-passenger will quicken his step or will move at all until it seems as if he must inevitably be run over. (If, in spite of all your care, you do run over him, it means *procès verbaux* and a heavy fine.) His attitude towards a conveyance is one of stolid surprise and attention until it is close upon him. Then a glimmer of comprehension comes into his face, and, seeming to say to himself, "Hold! I have heard of these things called carriages from my grandfather. He told me it was as well to get out of their way!" he moves tortoise-like off, only to have his performance quickly repeated by another person of precisely similar behavior.

As to the artisan class in Marseilles, the best of them are most intelligent and pleasant companions when you get to know them, slow at executing commissions, but most commendably careful to execute them thoroughly well. One such, of whom I was fortunate enough to see a good deal, was very well informed, a good talker, and never a bore, with a very fine type of Southern physique. He was, I was

told, an excellent actor in the religious play which takes place in the winter, and, if I remember rightly, his part was a very exalted one. This is the more curious because, like a great many of his fellows, he was a pronounced but not in the least degree an aggressive atheist. The attitude of such people to the Church is singular. They are really atheists; they do not attempt to wrap up their unbelief with such words as "agnosticism;" and yet nothing would induce them to take any step of importance in civil life without an elaborate and expensive Church ceremony. Certainly the man to whom I have referred was an exemplary citizen, a capital workman, a capital master to the few men under him, and entirely free from the besetting vice of the Marseilles workmen and small tradesfolk. That vice is absinthe-drinking; and in very cold or very hot weather it kills them off literally like flies. I remember one day rather hotter than common driving with my host along one of the streets, when we saw a most respectable-looking *bourgeois*, coming out of a liquor-shop, take a few leisurely steps along the pavement. There was not a sign of alcoholic excess about him, but he suddenly stopped dead short, and evidently broke out into a profuse sweat, for he took off his hat and mopped his face and bald head violently. "There," said my friend, "is an illustration pat of what I told you concerning absinthe. That is how it takes them, and if there were a few more degrees of heat we should have seen that man drop as if felled by a sledge-hammer. And he never would have got up again." Unfortunately, there is too much reason to suppose that this pernicious habit is spreading rapidly among the women, so that, unless some quite unforeseen check is put upon it, in a very few generations there cannot but be a very serious deterioration in the ordinary type. There is another habit common to the workman which is not in the same sense pernicious, and it is this, that they leave their work to attend every baptism, funeral, and marriage where

there is the slightest excuse of acquaintanceship for being present, and they then complain of not getting enough work. As to their economy, they hoard like their fellows in other parts of France, but they have not the best idea of how to use capital. In the case, for instance, of a small shop-keeper, one bad day after a prosperous week will so discourage him that he will let his stock run out without renewing it, and when orders come in again will sit down and bewail his hard lot.

As to labor and capital, there are instances in which the friendly—in the full sense of the word—relations of old time between employer and employed are kept up, but this is the exception rather than the rule. One curious career is that of the *porte-faix*, who, if he sets his mind and body to doing so, may rise and rise until he becomes a *maitre de porte-faix*; but there he stops, unless he has been attached all through to one house, and that one of the old-fashioned sort, in which case he may look forward to entering the house itself.

As to another kind of workmen—journalists—an odd custom prevailing at Marseilles is found in other French cities. You want, let us suppose, to get to the top of the tree as a writer of leading articles, essays, stories—what you will, in fact—in a daily paper. You send in your articles signed with a name, real or assumed. If the editor thinks well of them he will put them in, but you will not get a penny for them until there is reason to suppose that the name has "caught on" with the public. After that—if it happens—you may get paid at the rate of 20*l.* for a story or leader.

Another working class—the doctors—have a strange custom. There is no such thing as a consulting physician, and no set line of demarcation between physicians and surgeons. Some men, of course, rise naturally to the highest reputations, and I was not a little astonished when my host told me concerning one of these whom I knew and liked (as every one must who knows him), that he (my host) had the greatest

difficulty in persuading the physician not to treat the question of fees cabman-wise, with a well-bred equivalent for "Leave it to you, sir!" Let me, apropos of this, give a word of advice to those who may stay in a city which very well repays a sojourn, although in this paper I have not dwelt upon its undoubted charms. Never be caught at sunset without a light wrap to whip on. Half an hour or less after sundown you are safe, but at the actual setting there is a great matter of a chill, from which, as I had ignorantly neglected to take a wrap, I got a *grippe*, for which the only consolation was that it made me acquainted with the physician referred to above.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

From Nature.

ON THE HABITS OF THE KEA, THE SHEEP-EATING PARROT OF NEW ZEALAND.

The kea, the mountain parrot of New Zealand (*Nestor notabilis*), has earned considerable notoriety from its remarkable habit of attacking living sheep. It is commonly stated that the natural food of this bird consists of insects, fruit, and berries; and that it has developed a taste for a carnivorous diet only during the last thirty years. Mr. Taylor White, however, has recently pointed out (*Zoologist*, August, 1895) that the various statements on the habits of this bird have all been derived from second-hand information; and, as the habitat of the parrot is on the tops of Alpine ranges, owners of sheep and shepherds who in winter and summer search the mountain tops for their stock, are the men best fitted to tell us about the habits of the bird. On observations made during such experiences Mr. White bases his own account. In the district with which this writer was acquainted, the kea always lived high up on the mountains, among rocks and boulders, a long distance above the forest-line; in such a situation, of course, berries and fruits were out of the question, and the bird appeared to live on lichen and any insects it could find. Even when the

ground was covered with several feet of snow, and when roots and other food were out of reach, lichen growing on steep rocks would still be obtainable by the bird. The view that the diet of the kea generally consists of fruit and berries would thus appear to be erroneous.

It will be remembered that Wallace and others state that the kea regards the kidneys of sheep as a "special delicacy," and that it attempts to burrow into its victim in such a way as to reach this part. Mr. White, however, opposes this prevalent view, and regards it as probable that the bird desires to obtain the blood of the sheep rather than the kidneys; and in support of this view states that he has never seen a dead sheep attacked by keas. The fact that the kea so frequently pierces the body of a sheep in the region of the kidneys is due to the position it takes on the back of its victim to maintain a firm hold—a position from which it cannot be easily dislodged, as it could from the head or rump of the sheep. In corroboration of this Mr. White mentions that sheep with long wool are more frequently attacked than animals with short wool; as apparently the long wool gives the bird better facilities for holding on with his feet when drilling a hole into the back of the sheep. It is not very easy to conjecture how this habit of attacking sheep was first acquired by the kea. In winter time the sheep are covered with snow, and often have icicles hanging to their wool; and it is suggested by Mr. White that keas may have mistaken sheep so disguised for snow-covered patches of rock. It may further have happened that when searching the supposed rocks for insects the birds in some cases would taste the blood of the sheep. "When some of the birds had once found out that the blood of the sheep was good for food, others were soon initiated into the performance." It is possible that in some such manner the kea may have gradually acquired this curious and unattractive habit which renders the bird such a pest to the New Zealand farmer.

W. GARSTANG.

From The Lancet.

ON MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

In connection with any sport the questions which arise are mainly three: Is it innocent? Is it enjoyable? Is it healthful? To expect a sport quâ sport to yield knowledge or gain is to regard it from the wrong point of view. *Dulce est desipere in loco*; we must all relax sometimes; and the arguments which are used against mountaineering would go far to condemn all forms of amusement. As regards the three questions which we have propounded, the answer to the first is easy. Mountaineering is without doubt innocent, and in the judgment of its adherents it is inferior to no sport in point of enjoyment. The third question, which comes more directly within our province, admits of more debate. Can we regard mountaineering as in the main and for the mass of tourists a safe and healthful amusement? This is a question which cannot be answered without considerable reserves and qualifications. Mountaineering—by which we mean ascents of ten thousand or twelve thousand feet and upwards—involves much strain and severe fatigue. The strain is first upon the muscular system; but it affects even more importantly the circulatory, respiratory, and nervous mechanisms. In some persons the heart seems to feel the tax most, in others the nervous system is chiefly affected. Palpitation and “mountain-sickness”—the latter in all probability a neurosis—are the two chief difficulties that beset the average mountaineer.

It is clear from these considerations that mountaineering is not for everybody. There must be, first of all, a sound general physique, considerable endurance, and the capacity for prolonged and continuous effort. But it is not at all so generally understood that a sound heart muscle—a well-developed and well-exercised myocardium—is indispensable for any considerable mountaineering feats. Hence any suspicion of structural heart disease is an absolute contra-indication for any such exploits. Further, the heart must

be not only structurally sound, but well exercised and in good condition. Hence sedentary livers, who for eleven months in the year have no regular active exercise, should not employ their holiday month in mountaineering. Yachting or fishing will be much safer for such, and perhaps not less healthful. Many Alpine accidents have been the result of neglect of this very obvious rule. For similar reasons mountaineering should be eschewed by persons in middle life who have not acquired the requisite training in youth, and even those who in the heyday of their early prime delighted in the sport and enjoyed many a “crowded hour of glorious life” on some Alpine summit would do well to remember Horace’s maxim regarding the aging steed, and bid a timely adieu to exploits no longer suited to their years. A certain stability of the nervous system is indispensable for mountaineering, but it is difficult to say anything precise on this head. Neurotic individuals not only climb badly as a rule, but they do not benefit by the air above a certain moderate level. A certain coolness of nerve is a necessary qualification for the many ascents which involve actual danger—danger usually avoidable and seldom extreme, but not to be lightly encountered by those deficient in steadiness and self-control.

Many of the dangers of mountaineering which bulk largely in the popular imagination are either quite rare or easily avoided. Thus, snow-blindness is not at all of frequent occurrence, is almost confined to prolonged exposure to a blazing sun upon snowfields, and is usually successfully averted by the use of colored spectacles. Bleeding from the nose and ears, which was described by the early explorers, is practically unknown—at least, to any serious extent—at the present day. Frostbite and sunburn, though not uncommon, are seldom severe. Perhaps the most frequent ground of attack upon mountaineering is its presumed perilousness. Accidents are, no doubt, frequent, but it is certainly true that for the most part they are avoidable.

